

SPRING

FRISKY

FABLES

10¢

HI' THERE!
TAKE IT FROM
HERE, AND/
LAUGH !



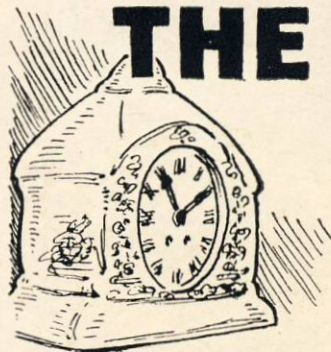
AL FAGO

VOL. I No. 1





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THE DUCHESS

... By ...
MARGARETTA HARMON

THE Duchess had stood in Mr. Tuttle's antique shop for many, many years. Not that she minded standing there all that time. The Duchess, you see, was only a clock.

But she was a very special clock. In her youth, she had a pretty porcelain case. Up its sides climbed painted roses, and fat, porcelain cupids peeped over its porcelain top.

That was many years ago. Now the roses and cupids were covered with dust. And dustiest of all was The Duchess' face. She spied her reflection one evening in the gilded mirror which hung on the opposite wall.

"Dearie me," complained The Duchess. "I'm a sight! Miss Pratt never used to let me get like this. She would hardly recognize me!"

"If you don't like your looks," the mirror yawned with his huge mirror-mouth, "then why do you look at yourself?"

"It's hard *not* to think of the past," someone sighed from beside the door. It was the hammered brass umbrella-stand.

"Here it's going to rain again. But what have I to look forward to? When I was young, I enjoyed rainy days. Fine people left their umbrellas in my care when I stood in the Alderman's hallway. Nobody comes into this dingy old shop to look at us. I've simply given up hoping for a new owner!"

Then the storm broke. Lightning flashed. Thunder made the Wedgwood cups jump in their saucers. It even

jolted The Duchess.

"Tick - tock. Tick - tock. Dearie me," she gasped, "I do believe my works are running again. What a wonderful feeling! I hope my voice isn't too rusty. I may have to strike any minute!"

"Don't get fancy ideas," warned the mirror. "You're still a grimy old clock, remember."

The gilded mirror was like that. He said sharp things because he no longer reflected the faces of beautiful ladies, but only The Duchess' dirty face.

Drip, drip, drip. The dishes and knick-knacks on the shelf looked upward. Yes, the shop's roof was leaking again. A little puddle collected in the snuff-box beside the old clock.

The raindrops splashed on The Duchess' face. This annoyed her very much.

"No wonder I couldn't strike that last half-hour!" she croaked. "This dampness will ruin my voice."

She simply *had* to wipe off the splashes. So she reached out her fancy hour-hand and grabbed some cobwebs hanging on the shelf. With them she wiped the splashes off her Number Six.

"Dearie me," she exclaimed, "I'm actually clean on my Number Six!"

"Your other numbers look even worse now," the mirror pointed out. Whereupon The Duchess made a big cobweb wash-cloth with both her hands. She dipped it in the puddle and washed her face. Even the mirror was astounded.

"Why, Duchess, your face

is really clean!" Then he grew grumpy again. "But don't think *that* will do you any good. No one ever comes into *this* dingy shop to buy."

The rain streamed down the windows outside. It washed them until they shone. It also drenched a young lady who was waiting outside for a bus. She stepped back into the doorway of the shop for shelter. Then The Duchess struck four with all her might. The young lady looked in. Then she *came* in.

"What a lovely clock!" she exclaimed, looking on the shelf. But she did not buy. She hurried away to catch her bus.

The old lock on the shop door did not catch. The wind blew in. It whizzed dust and cobwebs away. The rain came in, too. It washed the umbrella-stand beside the door.

When the sun came out next morning, the shop looked quite clean. For the first time, passers-by could see through the windows. The young lady returned and bought the old clock. Other customers came and looked and bought other things.

"See what has happened," tick-tocked The Duchess, when she was taken down from the shelf, "simply because I'm neat and tidy?"

The gilded mirror looked down glumly from the wall.

"Some people have all the luck," he complained. "No one will ever buy me."

"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding!" struck The Duchess in reply. Which, in porcelain-clock language simply means: "Wash *your* face and *see*!"

NEDDY BEAR

AND
"THE ELF."

ONCE UPON A TIME...
THERE WAS A LITTLE BEAR,
WHO DIDN'T DO AS HE WAS TOLD
MUCH TO HIS MOM'S DESPAIR...
HE WANDERED INTO A FOREST BLACK
INTO DANGERS HE COULDN'T FLEE.
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED,
READ THIS STORY,
AND YOU WILL SEE!

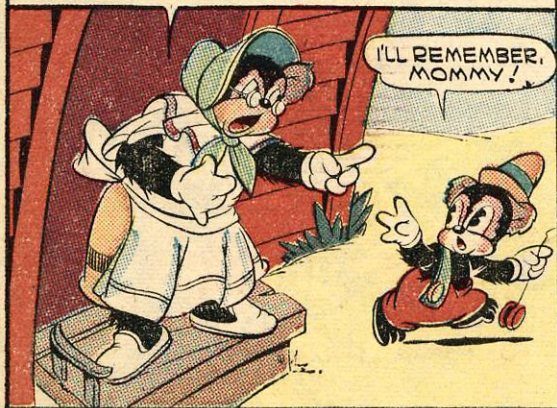
"AND SO THE POOR LITTLE HERO
MARRIED THE POOR LITTLE PRINCESS,
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!"
THE END... SIGH!

AH! WHAT A STORY!
WHAT SENTIMENT!
WHAT PATHOS...
WHAT BUNK..



IF YOU'RE A GOOD LITTLE BEAR, NEDDY, AND
KEEP AWAY FROM THE BLACK FOREST,
MAYBE YOU'LL GROW UP TO BE A HERO AND
RESCUE A PRINCESS... REMEMBER,
... IF YOU'RE TEMPTED, JUST SAY,
"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN" AND ALL WILL
BE WELL... NOW RUN ALONG AND PLAY!

I'LL REMEMBER,
MOMMY!



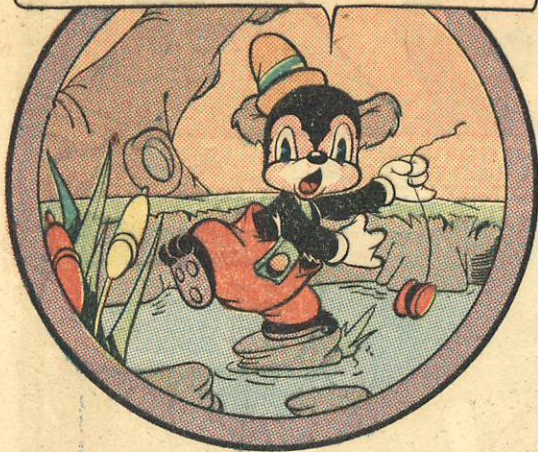
SOME FOLKS CALL ME "NUISANCE",
SOME SAY I'M NOT ALL THERE,
BUT NO MATTER WHAT THEY CALL ME
I'M JUST A LITTLE BEAR!

IF I'M DRESSED IN ERMINE
WITH FACE AND FIGURE FAIR,
OR IF I LOSE MY HAT AND PANTS/
I'LL STILL BE A LITTLE BARE!

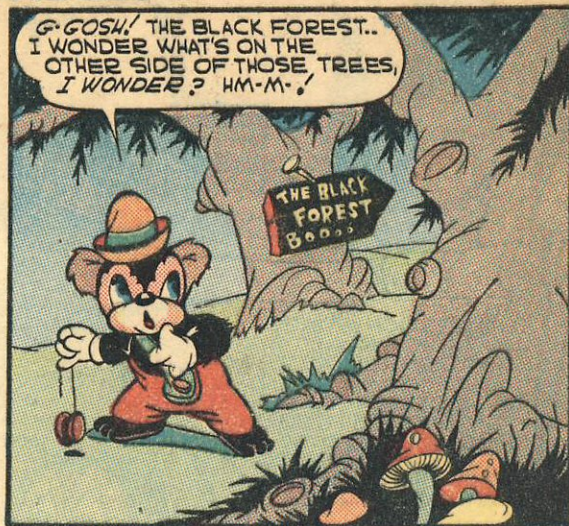


FRISKY FABLES

POOR MOMMY, BELIEVING THOSE FAIRY STORIES, TSK-TSK! I GUESS WE KIDS JUST HAVE TO HUMOR THE OLDER FOLKS!

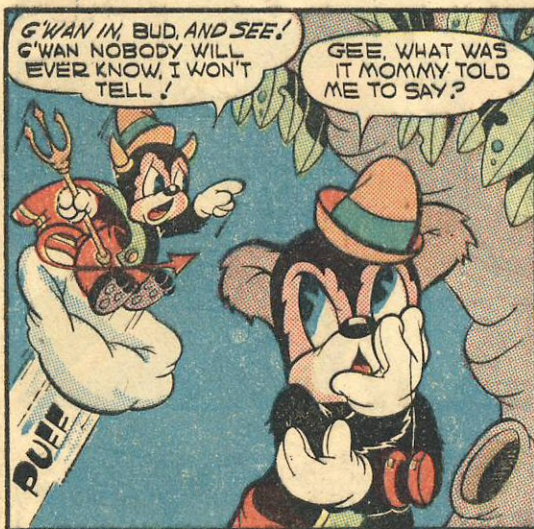


G-GOSH! THE BLACK FOREST.. I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE TREES, I WONDER? HM-M-!



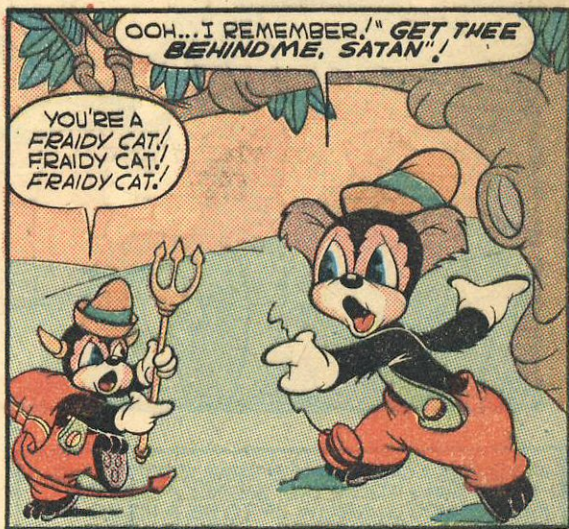
G'WAN IN, BUD, AND SEE! G'WAN NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW, I WON'T TELL!

GEE, WHAT WAS IT MOMMY TOLD ME TO SAY?

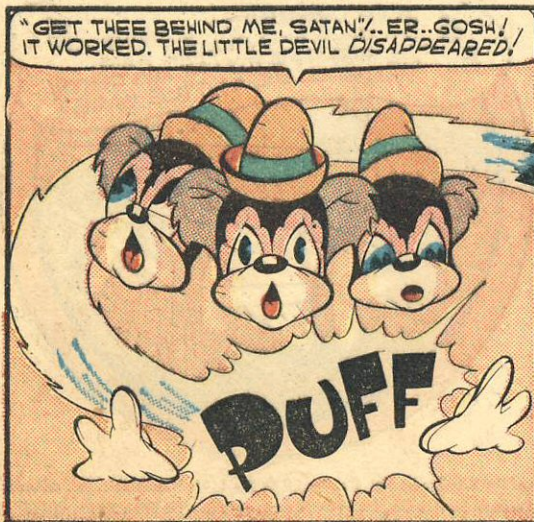


OOH... I REMEMBER! "GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN"!

YOU'RE A FRAIDY CAT! FRAIDY CAT! FRAIDY CAT!



"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN"! ..ER..GOSH! IT WORKED. THE LITTLE DEVIL DISAPPEARED!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT, SON. A LITTLE DEVIL LIKE ME CAN'T RESIST! TEMPTATION, Y'KNOW!



FRISKY FABLES

NOW YOU MADE ME LOSE MY YO-YO, IT WENT RIGHT INTO THE BLACK FOREST TREES!

LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GET IT BACK WITHOUT GOING AGAINST YOUR MOMMY'S WISHES!



WALK INTO THE FOREST BACKWARDS, THEN YOU WON'T REALLY BE GOING IN, YOU'LL BE COMING OUT, ONLY IN REVERSE! GET IT!

NOPE! BUT I'M WILLING TO BELIEVE IT!



I'LL DO IT, AFTER ALL A FELLOW CAN'T LOSE HIS YO-YO- AND NOT DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT- I GUESS!

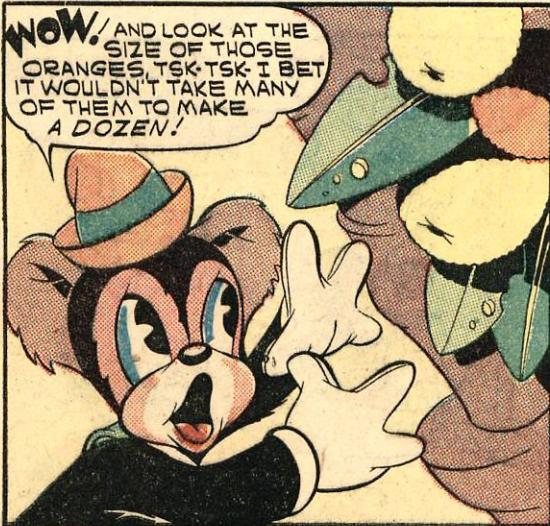


HA-HA, IT WORKED- IT WORKED!

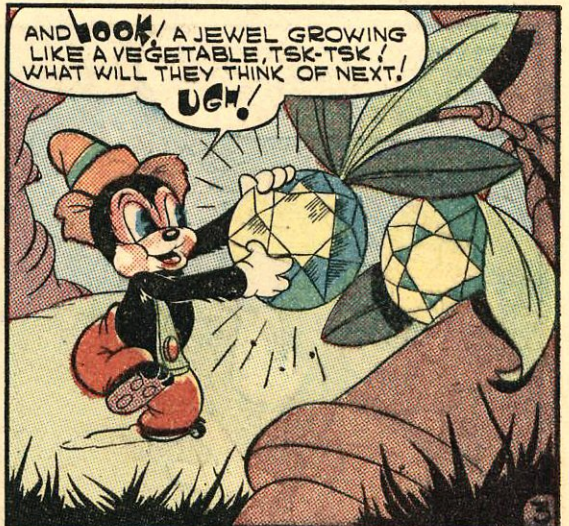
MY GOODNESS! LOOK AT THOSE BIG TREES AND BIG FLOWERS! EVERYTHING'S SO BIG IT'S... IT'S-IT'S BIG-THASSALL!



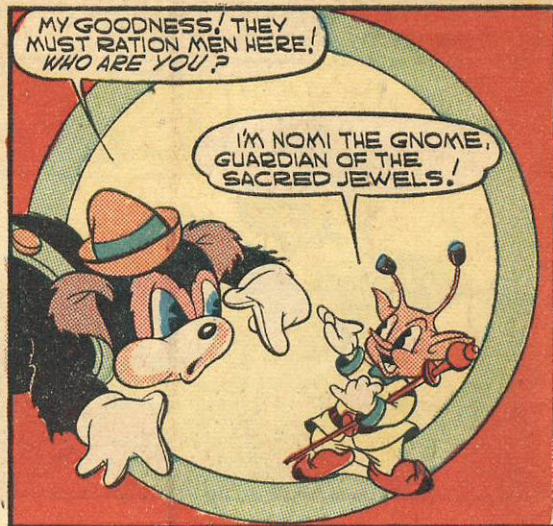
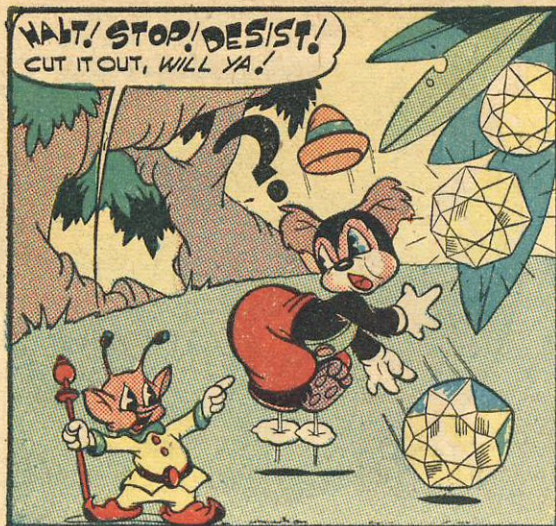
NOW! AND LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE ORANGES TSK-TSK- I BET IT WOULDN'T TAKE MANY OF THEM TO MAKE A DOZEN!



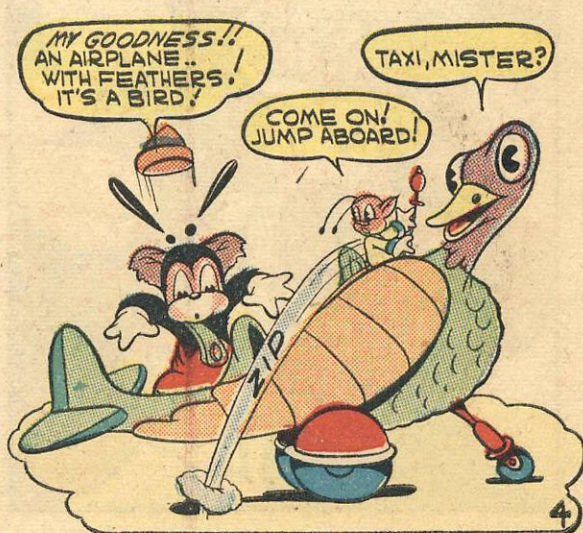
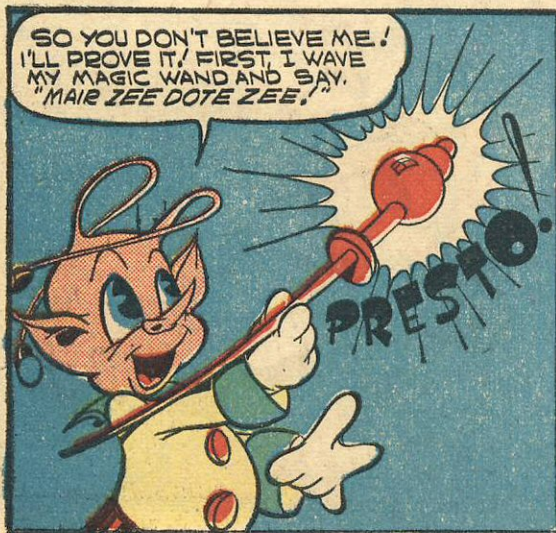
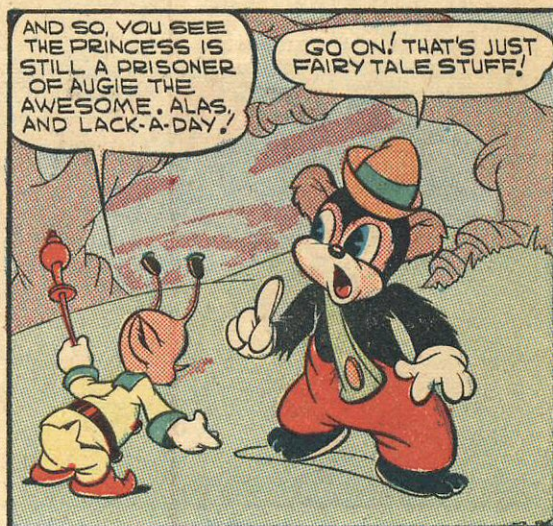
AND LOOK! A JEWEL GROWING LIKE A VEGETABLE, TSK-TSK! WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT! UGH!



FRISKY FABLES

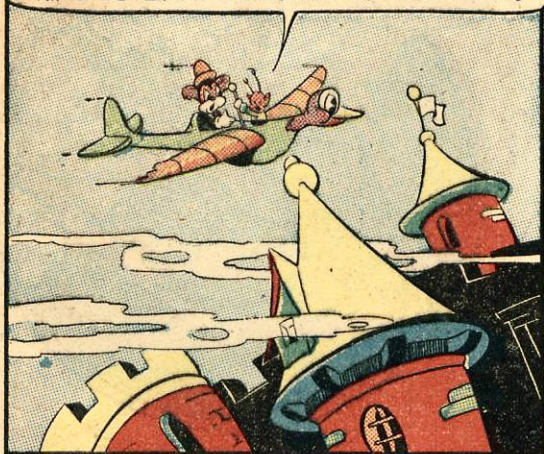


EACH YEAR WE PLANT SPECIAL SEEDS AND GROW THESE JEWELS TO RANSOM THE PRINCESS FROM AUGIE THE AWESOME, BUT EACH YEAR THAT VILLAIN "AUGIE" STEALS THE JEWELS WHEN THEY BECOME RIPE!



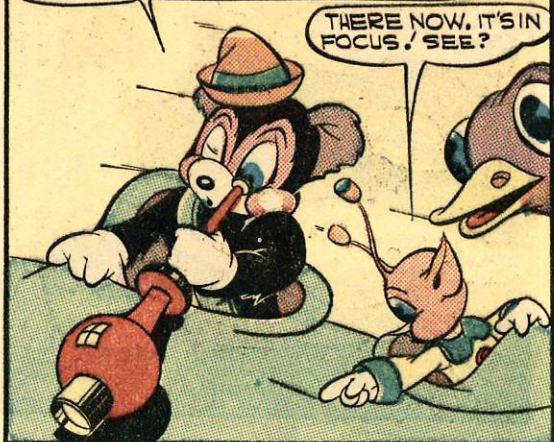
FRISKY FABLES

LOOK THROUGH THE TOP OF MY MAGIC WAND... AT THE PALACE WINDOW YOU WILL SEE POOR "KING LOVEALL" MOURNING HIS LOST CHILD!



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME. I GUESS MOMMY WAS RIGHT! FAIRY STORIES CAN COME TRUE!

THERE NOW, IT'S IN FOCUS! SEE?

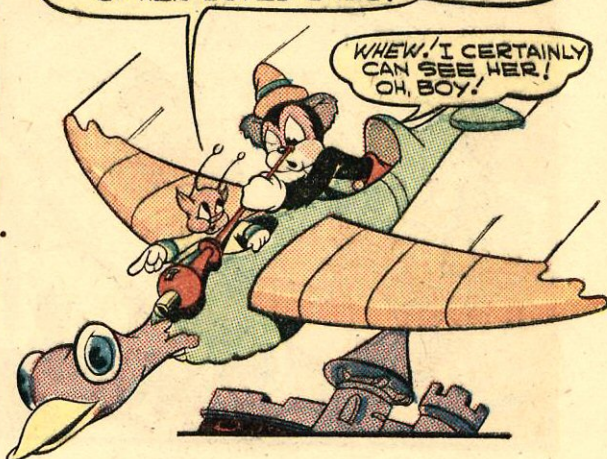


BOO-HOO-HOO! MY POOR DAUGHTER! HOW CAN I RESCUE HER? ALAS, SHE'S SO LIKE HER MOTHER, THE POOR CHILD, SNIFF-F!

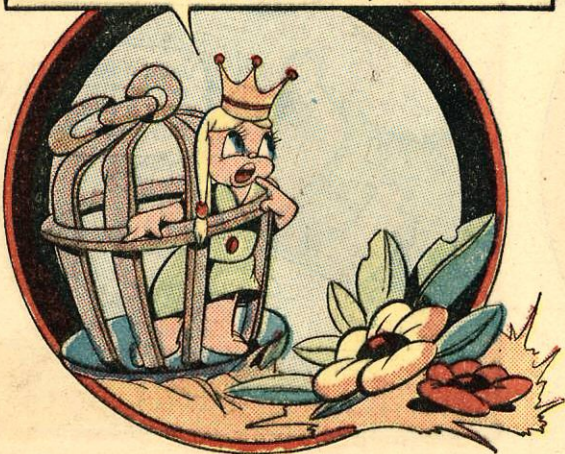


AND NOW LOOK TOWARD THE BLACK MOUNTAIN... YOU WILL SEE THE *PRINCESS JO-ANN*, A PRISONER TORMENTED BY THOUGHTS OF HER LOVED ONES!

WHEW! I CERTAINLY CAN SEE HER! OH, BOY!

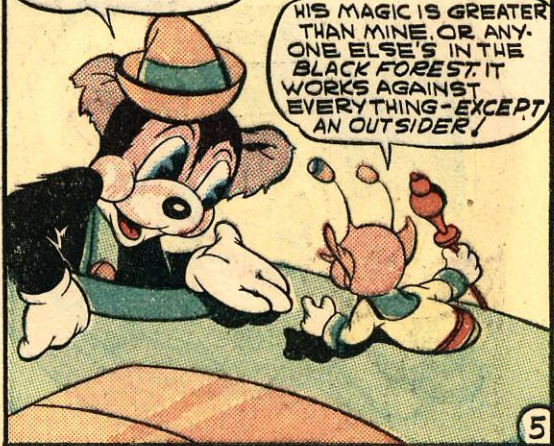


GOLLY I WISH THERE WAS A RADIO HERE. FRANKIE SWONATRA IS ON TONIGHT! HO-HUM-- SIGH!

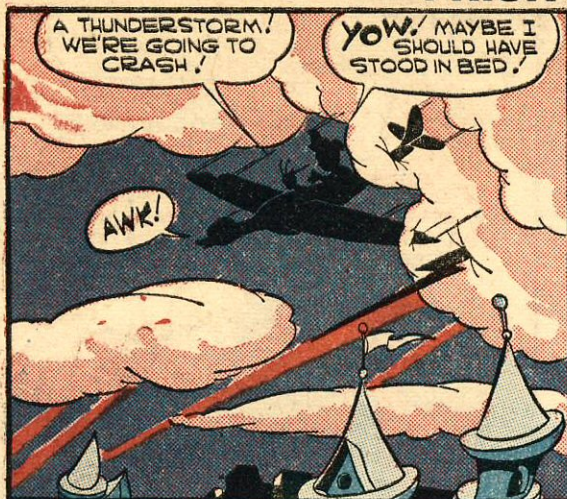


WHY DON'T YOU DEFEAT AWESOME AUGIE WITH YOUR MAGIC?

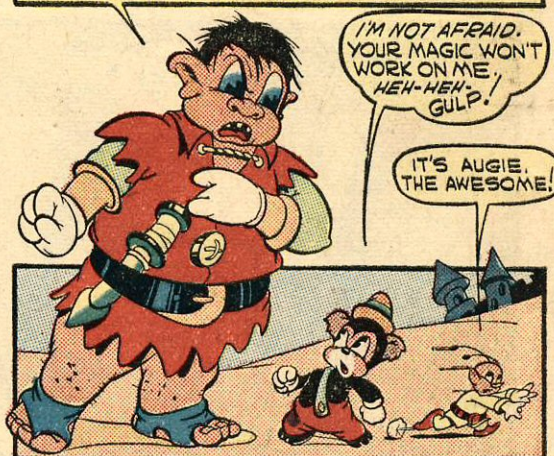
HIS MAGIC IS GREATER THAN MINE OR ANY ONE ELSE'S IN THE BLACK FOREST. IT WORKS AGAINST EVERYTHING-EXCEPT AN OUTSIDER!



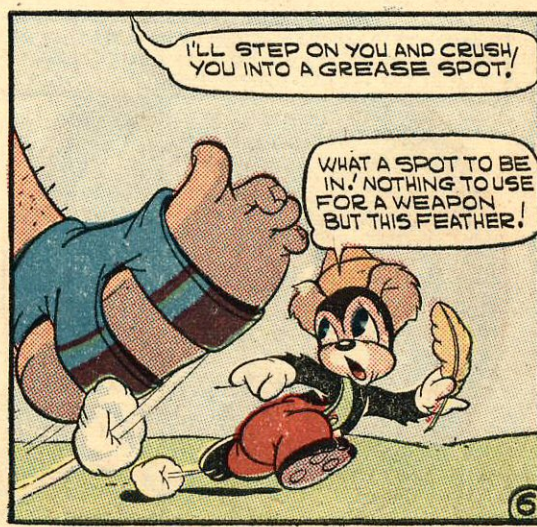
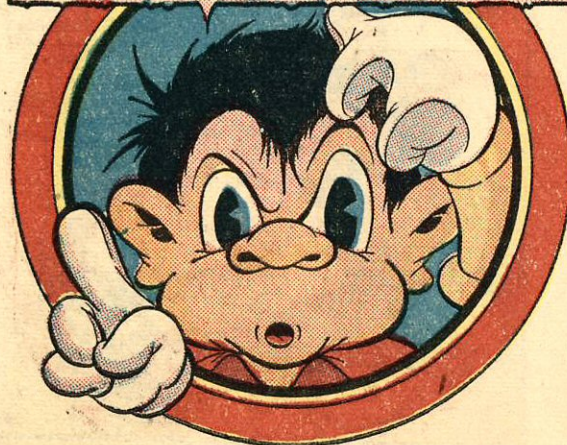
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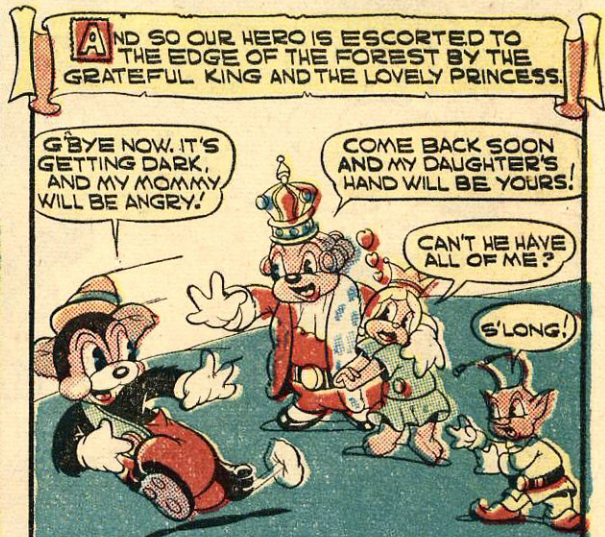
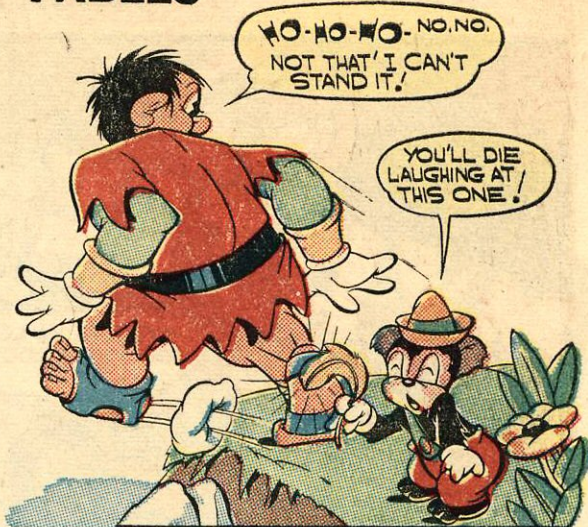
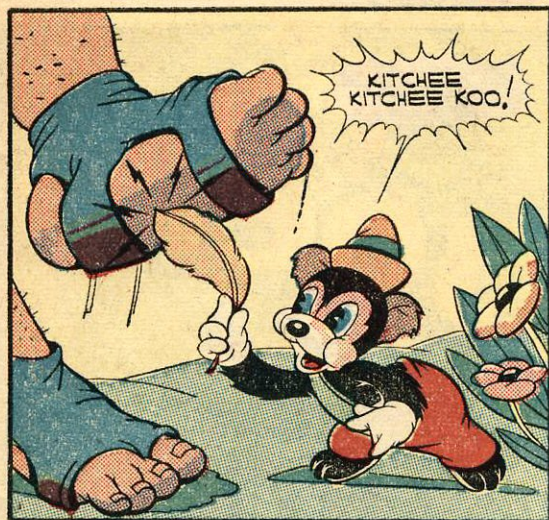
HO-HO- LITTLE BEING.. WITH MY MAGIC WORD
"ALACAZABRA" I SHALL TURN YOU INTO
A SILLY LITTLE ..ER.. GOOP!



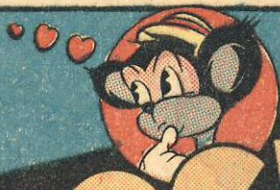
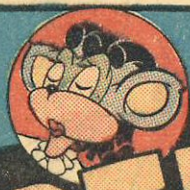
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! IT DIDN'T WORK.
I'M GOING TO COMPLAIN TO OGRES' LOCAL 472.
THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



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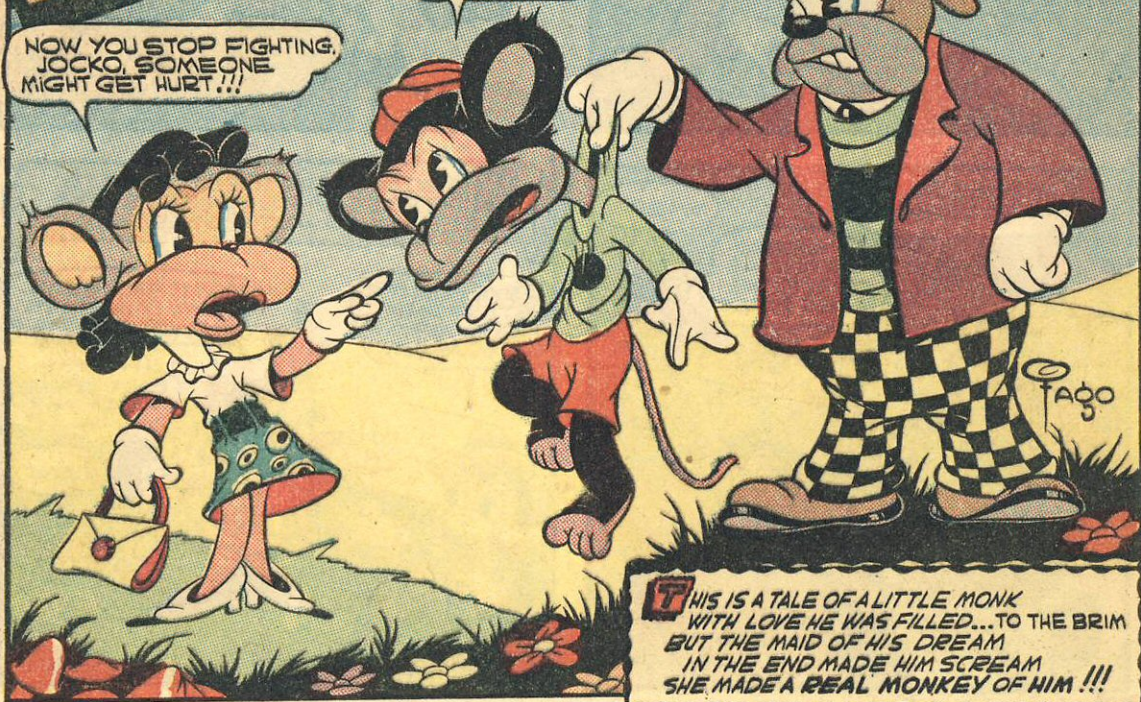
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MYRTLE AND JOCKO

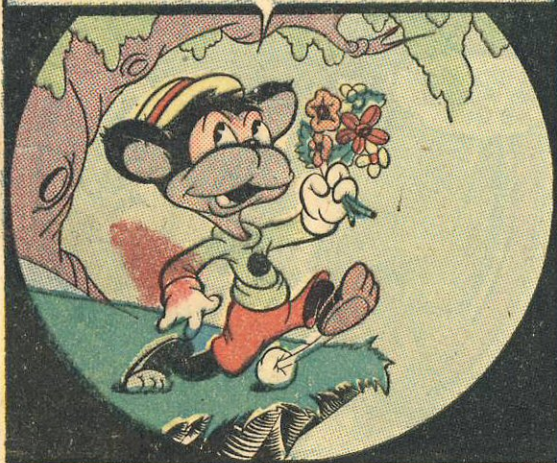
NOW YOU STOP FIGHTING,
JOCKO, SOMEONE
MIGHT GET HURT !!!

MYRTLE, MY LOVE,
YOU ARE SOOOO
RIGHT !!!

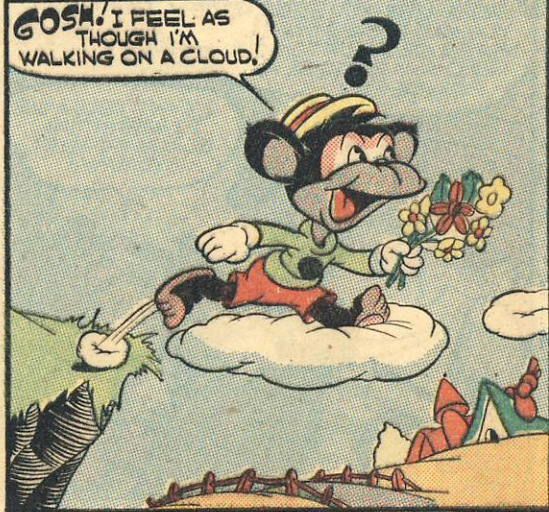


THIS IS A TALE OF A LITTLE MONK
WITH LOVE HE WAS FILLED...TO THE BRIM
BUT THE MAID OF HIS DREAM
IN THE END MADE HIM SCREAM
SHE MADE A REAL MONKEY OF HIM !!!

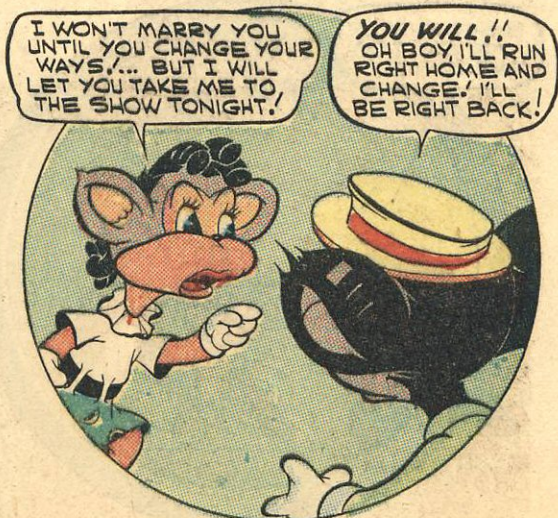
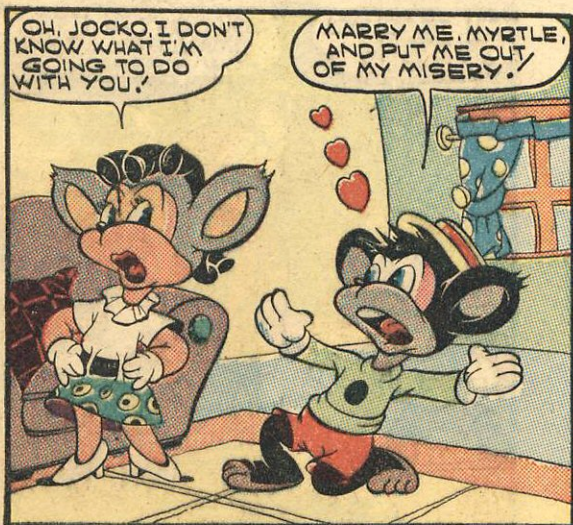
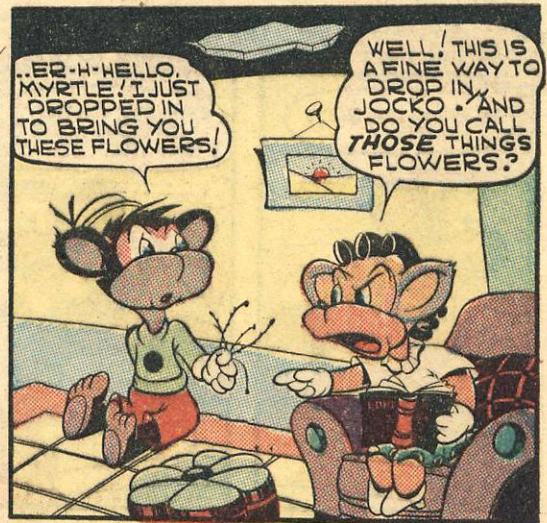
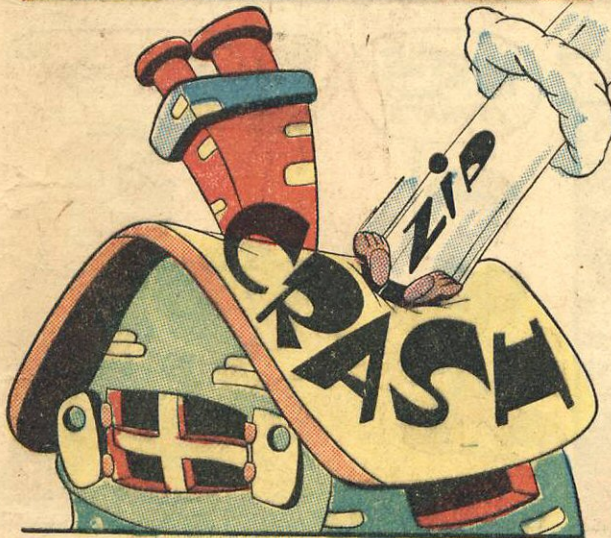
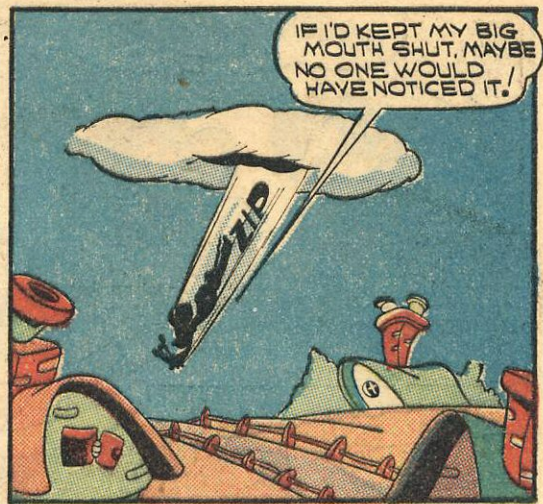
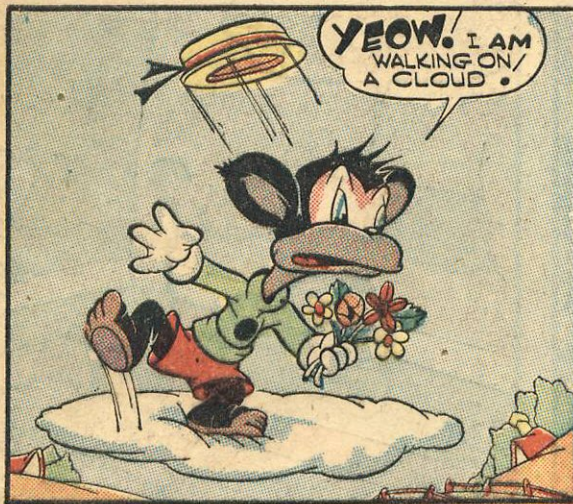
♪ AH LOVE TRA-LA-DA---- TA-DA-DA...
HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE IN LOVE! ♪



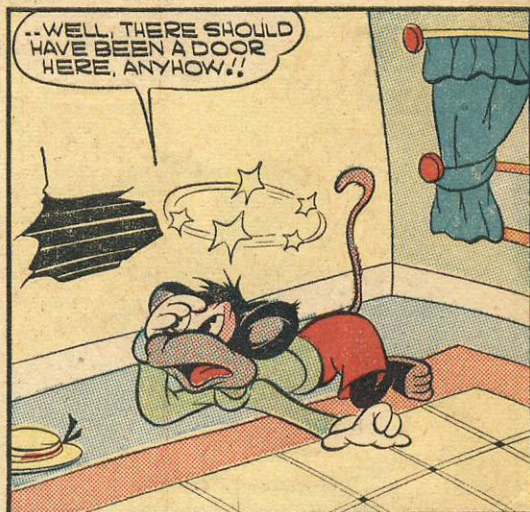
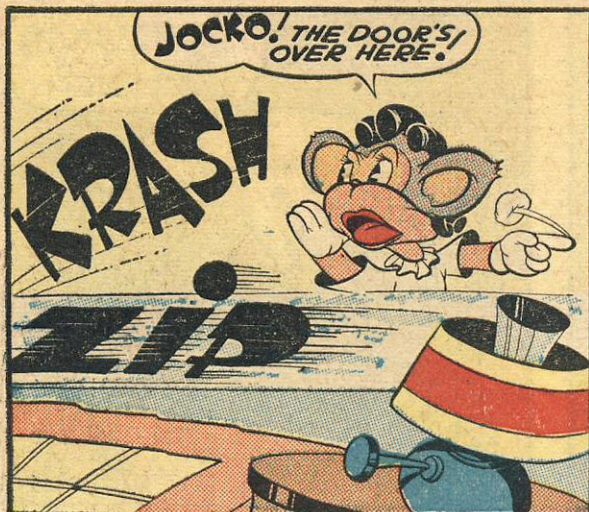
GOSH! I FEEL AS
THOUGH I'M
WALKING ON A CLOUD!



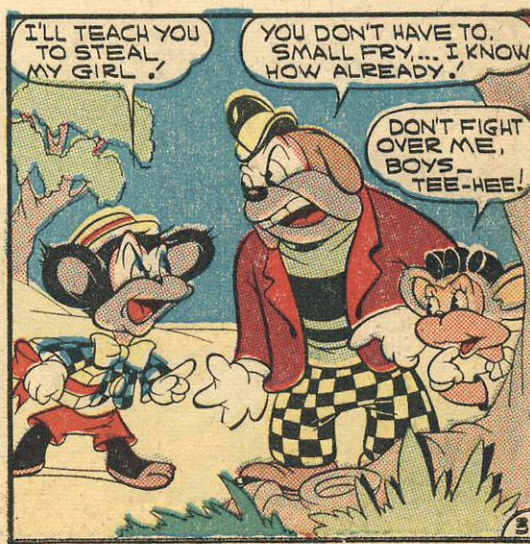
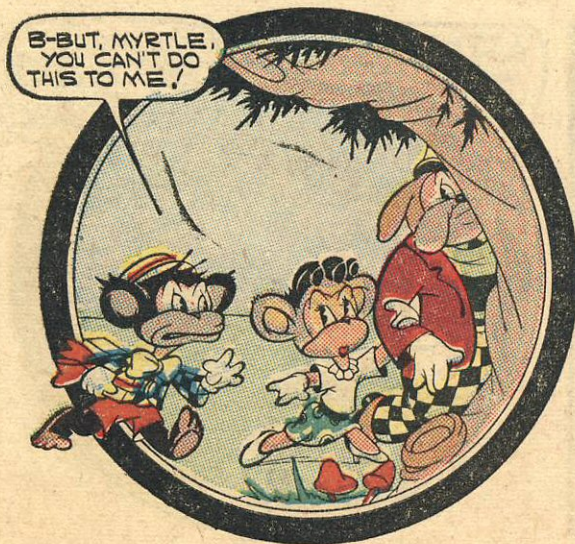
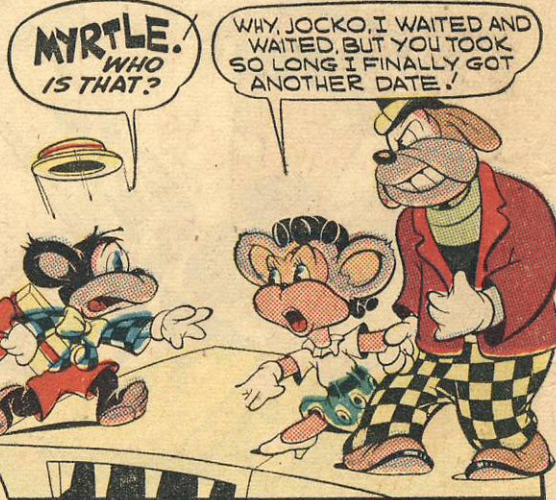
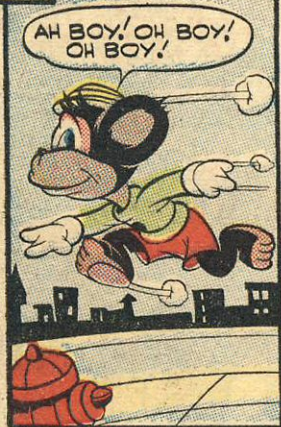
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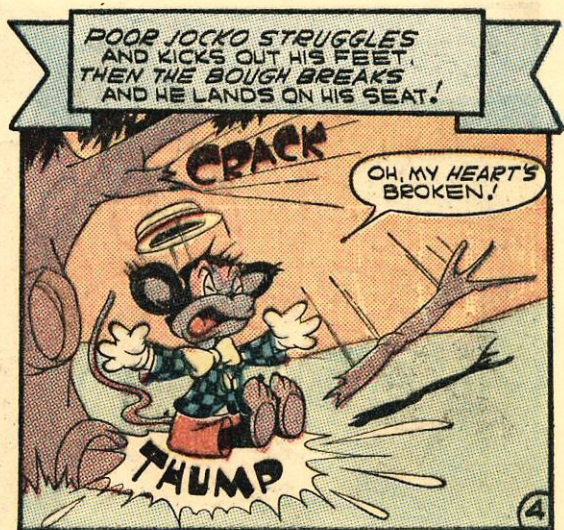
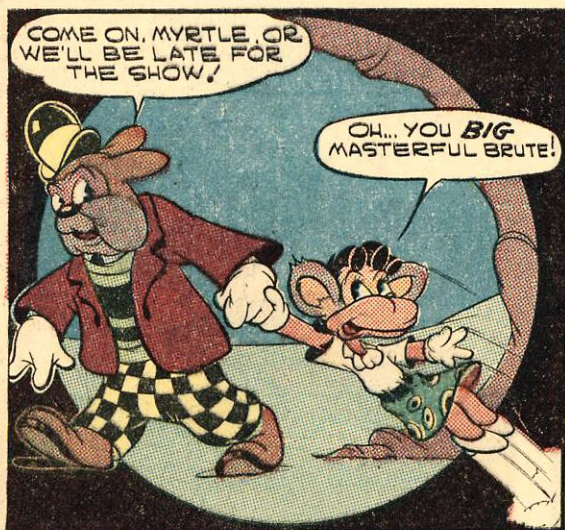
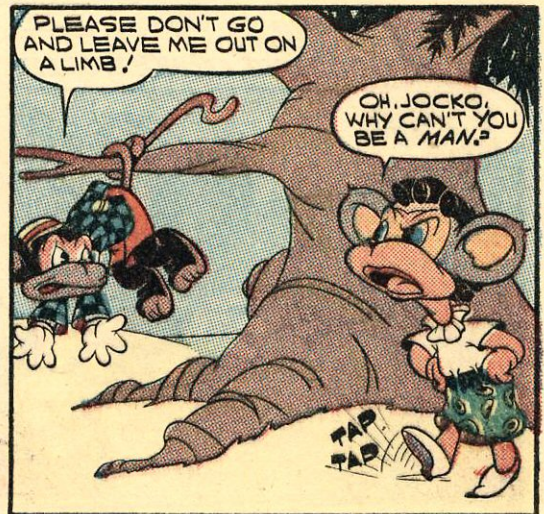
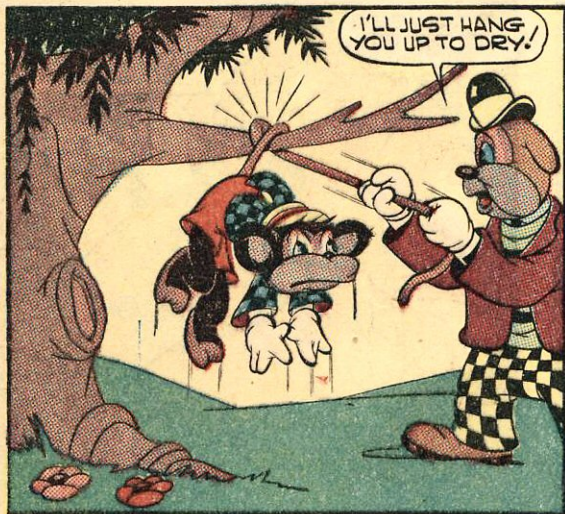
FRISKY FABLES



..JOCKO TEARS HOME IN A GOLDEN GLOW AND RUSHES RIGHT BACK A'BARIN' TO GO!

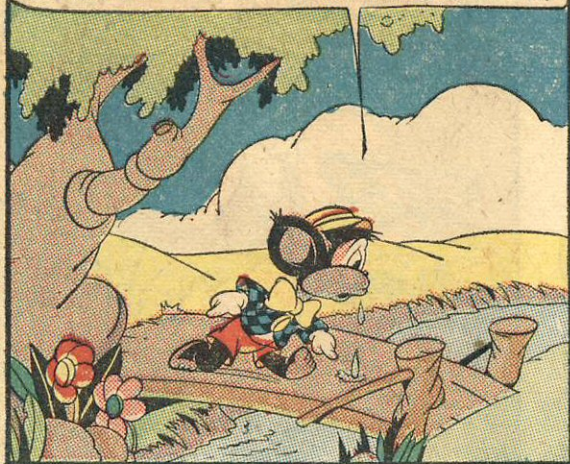


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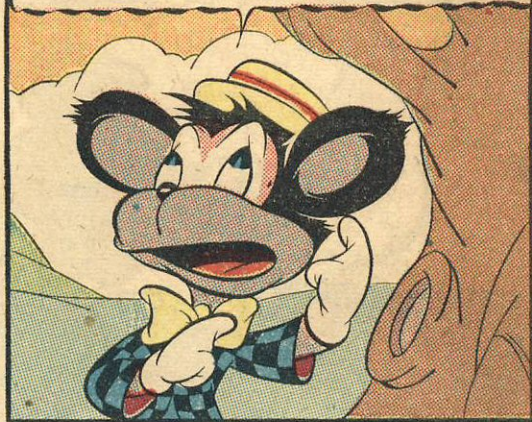


FRISKY FABLES

POOR ME! BOO-HOO-NOBODY LOVES ME!
..SNIFF!... I'M JUST A PLAYTHING OF FATE!



I'LL COMMIT SUICIDE. THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!
I'LL EAT WORMS AND DIE.
THEN MYRTLE WILL BE SORRY SHE
TREATED ME THIS WAY.



THERE'S A WORM!
..I'LL EAT HIM!
GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD!

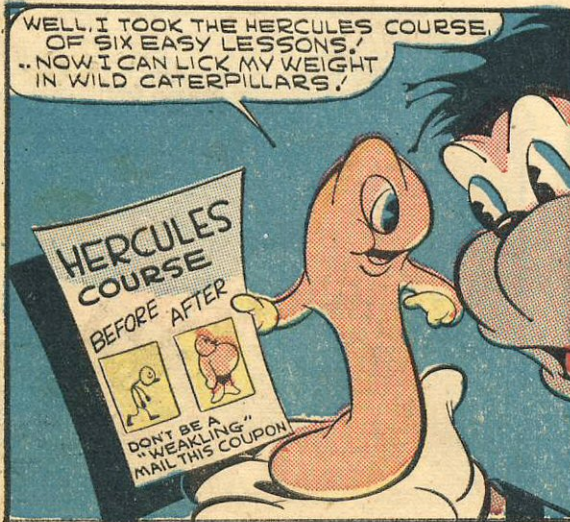


I'M THE WORM
THAT TURNED,
BUD!

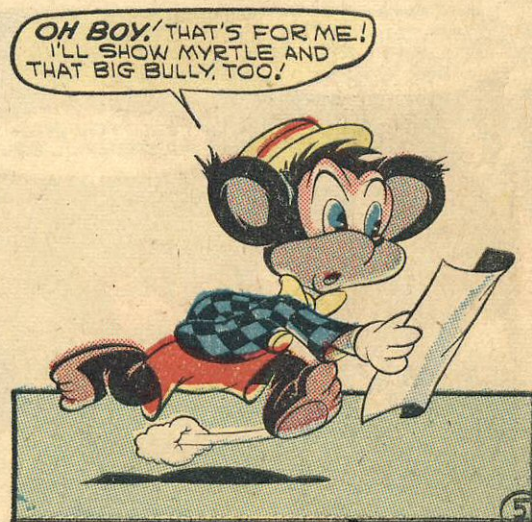
OUCH! MY GOOD-
NESS! HOW
DID YOU GET
SO STRONG?



WELL, I TOOK THE HERCULES COURSE,
OF SIX EASY LESSONS.
..NOW I CAN LICK MY WEIGHT
IN WILD CATERPILLARS!



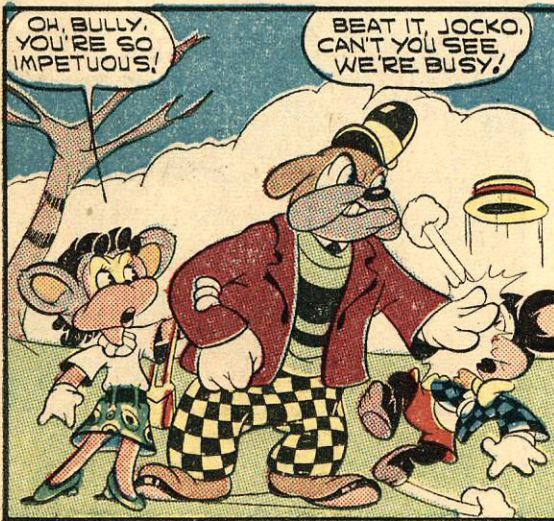
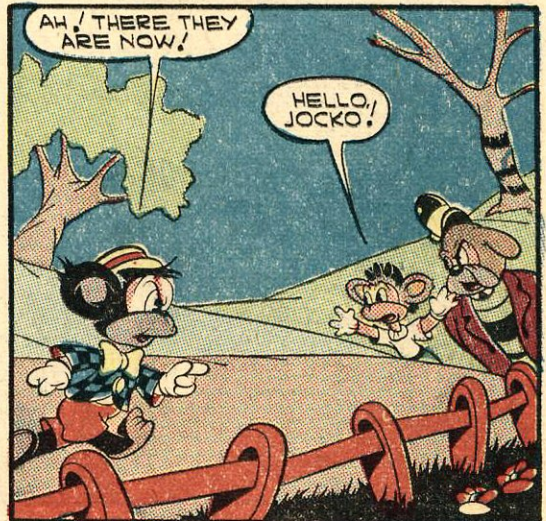
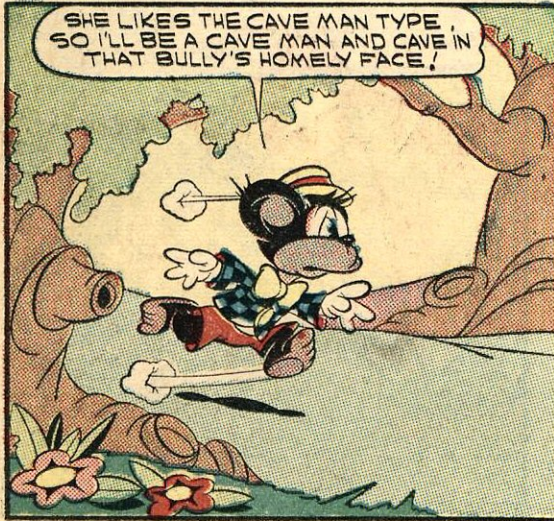
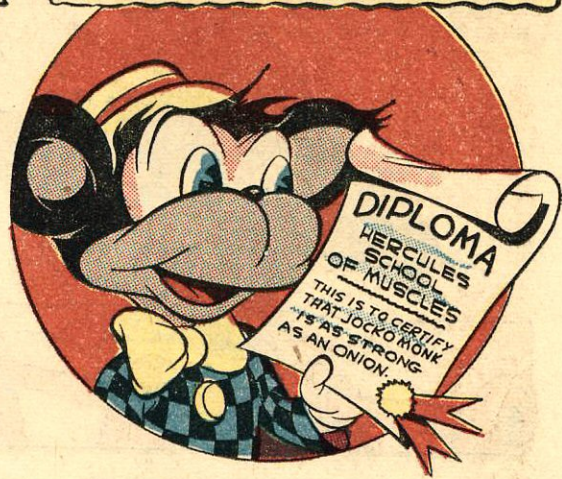
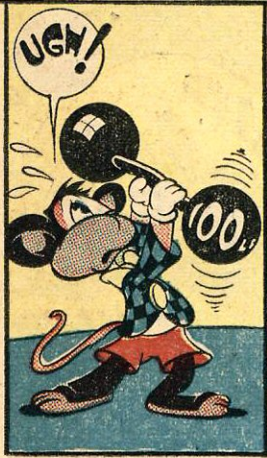
OH BOY! THAT'S FOR ME!
I'LL SHOW MYRTLE AND
THAT BIG BULLY, TOO!



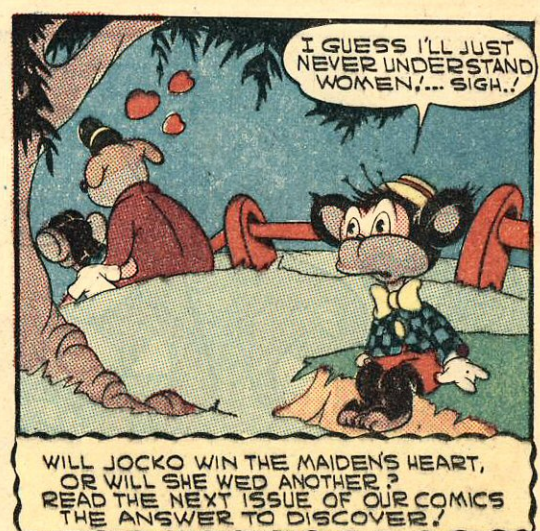
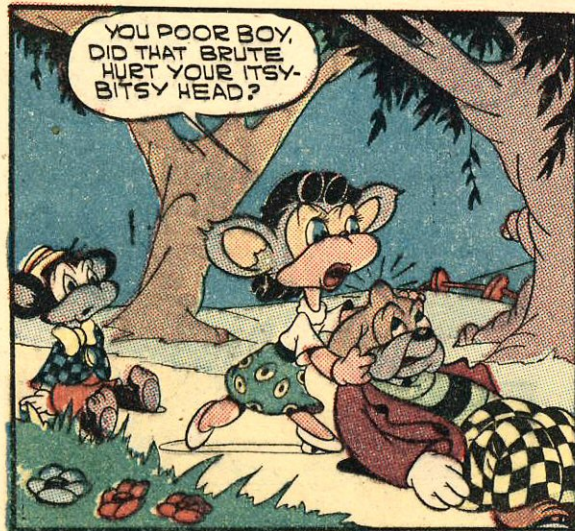
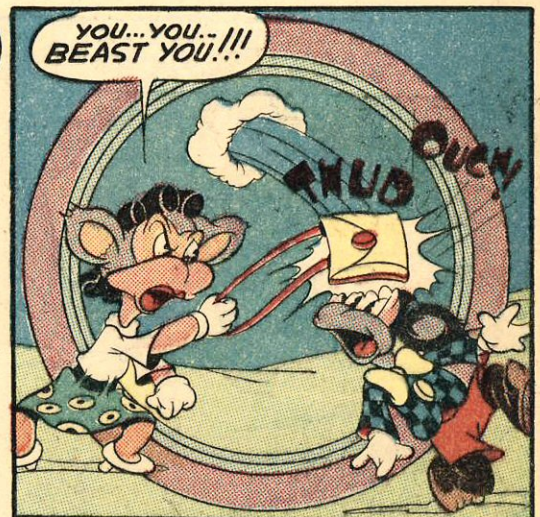
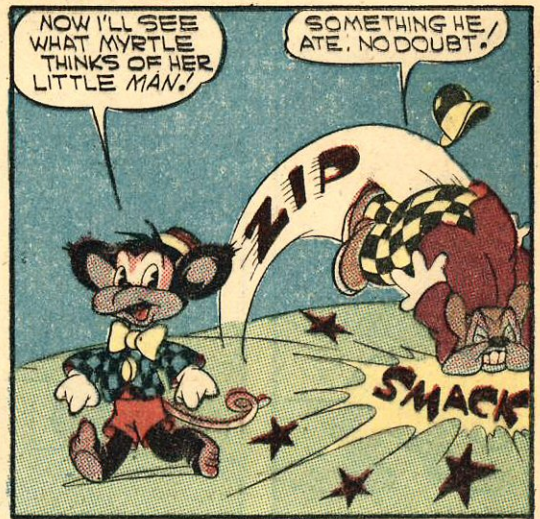
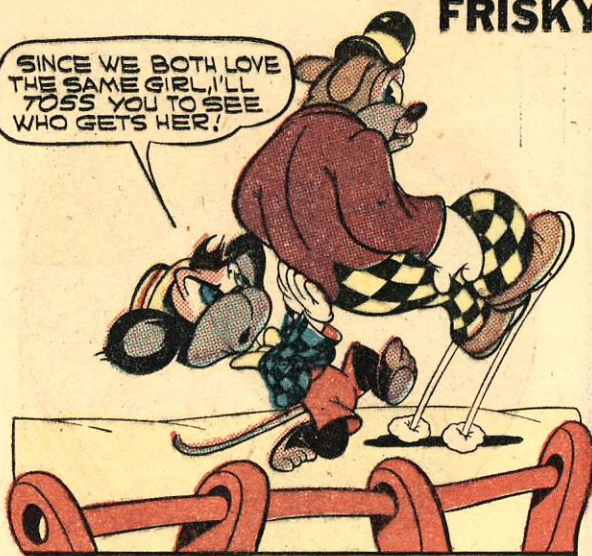
FRISKY FABLES

... SO JOCKO WOULD LIFT AND STRETCH AND PULL, AND SOON HE BECAME AS STRONG AS A BULL.

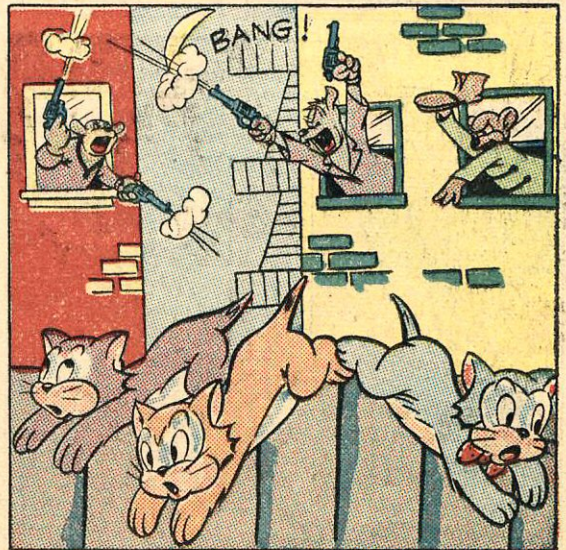
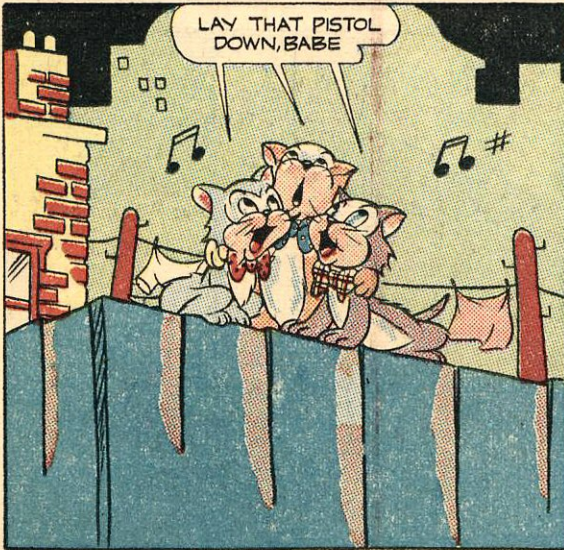
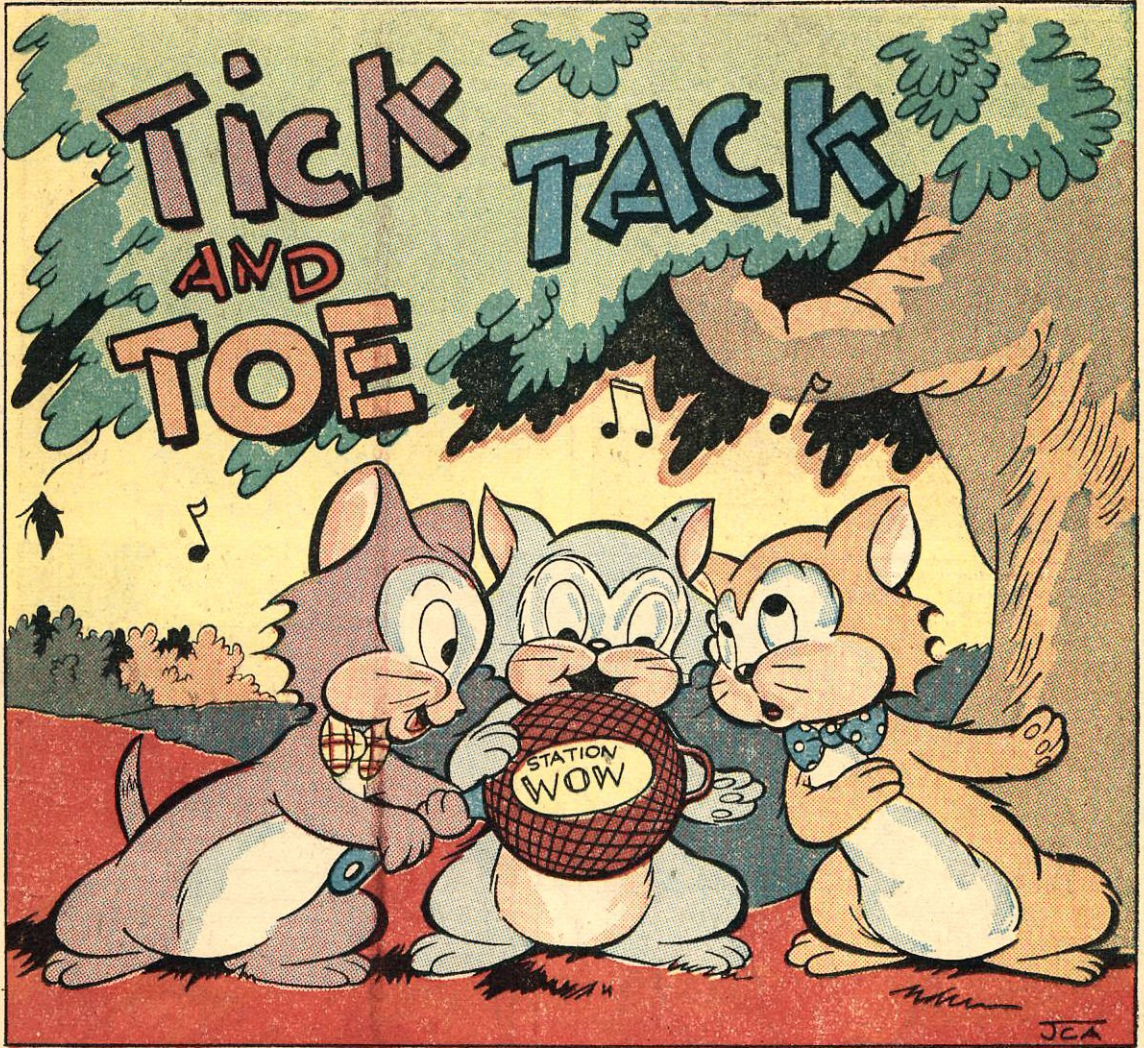
AFTER MANY A STRENUOUS WEEK HAS PASSED, JOCKO WINS HIS DIPLOMA AT LAST!



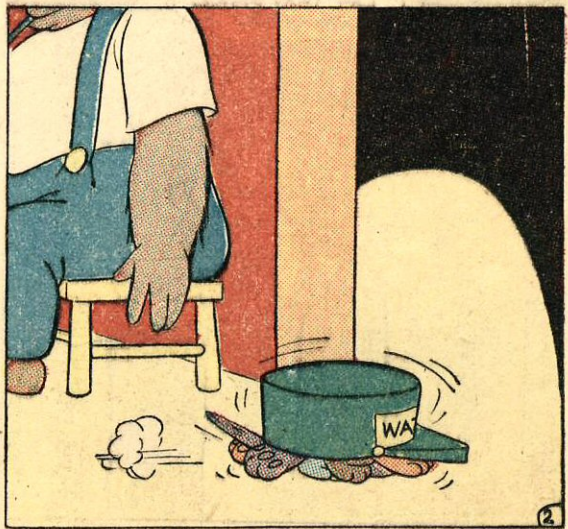
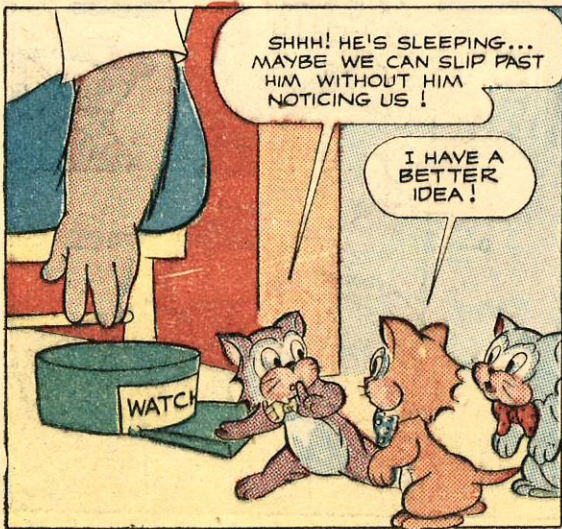
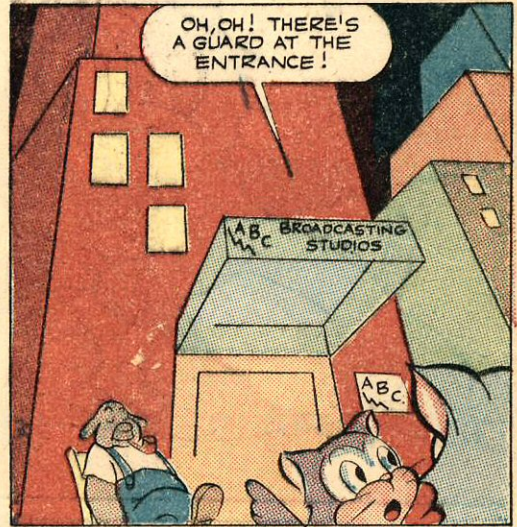
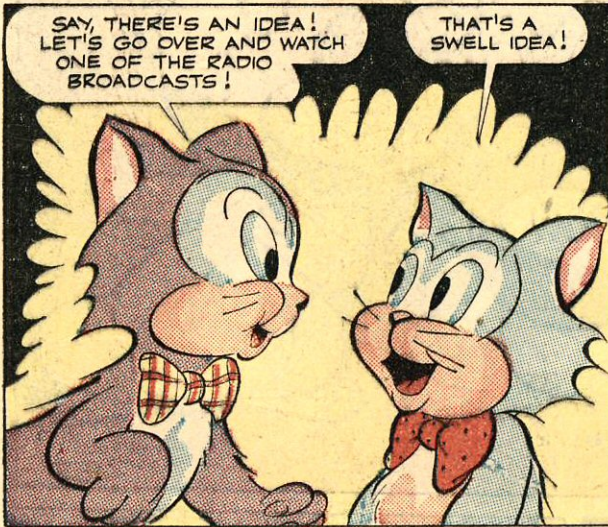
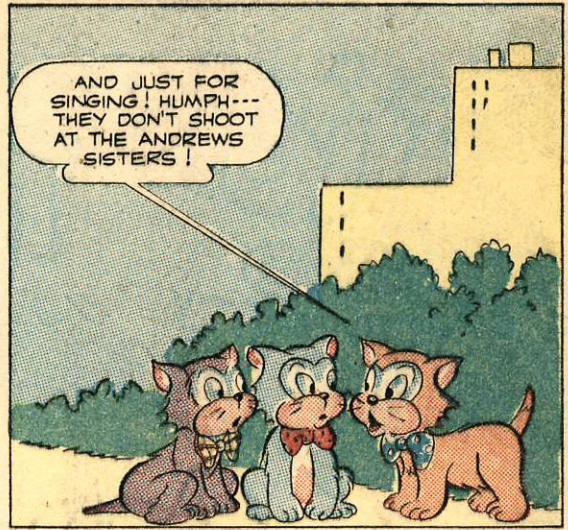
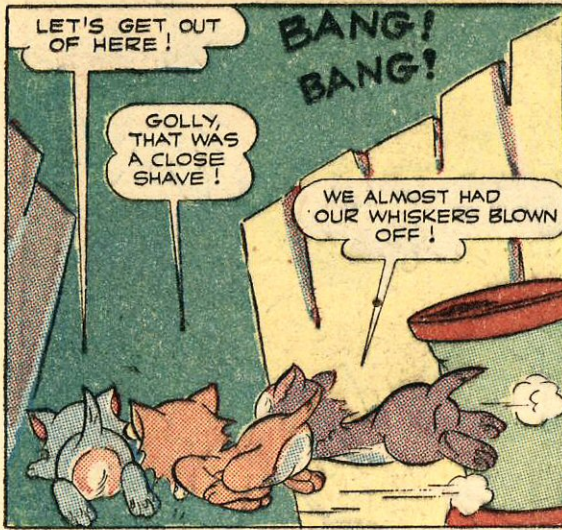
FRISKY FABLES



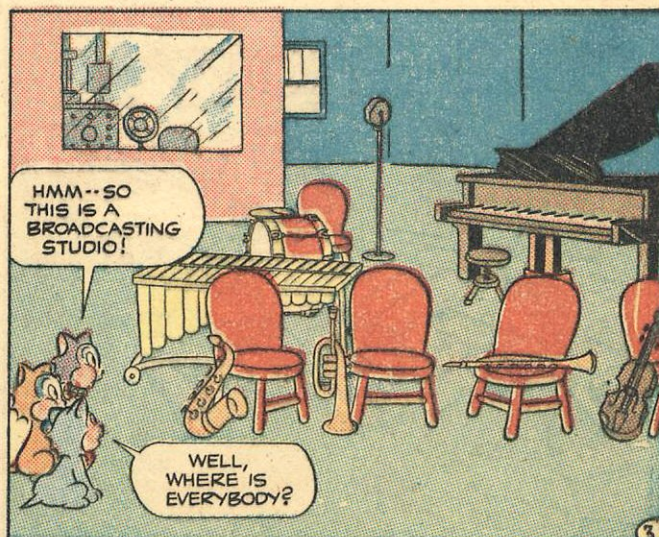
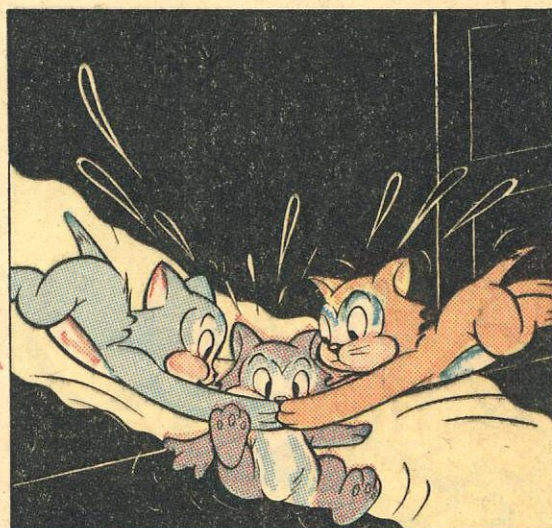
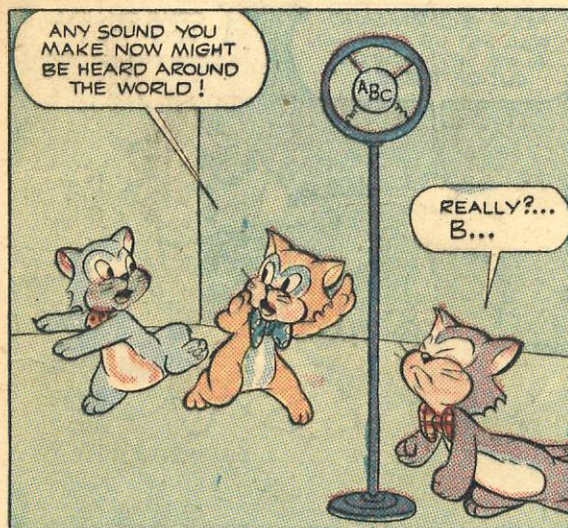
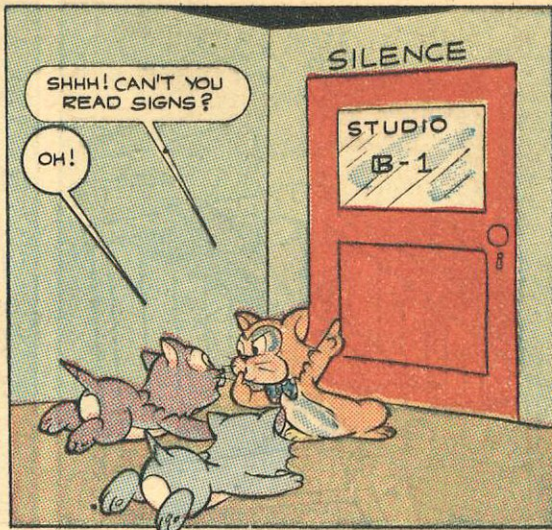
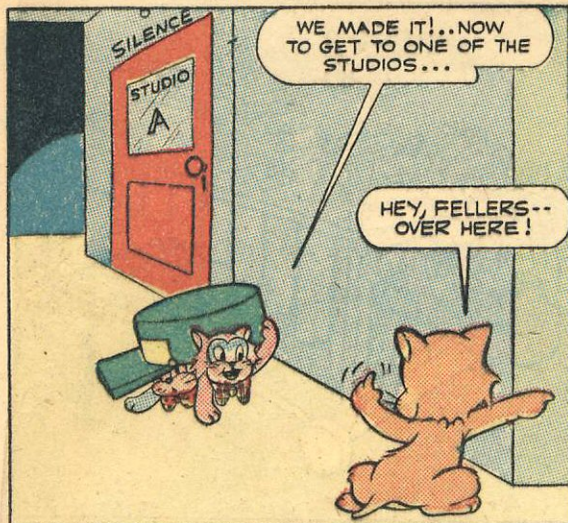
FRISKY FABLES



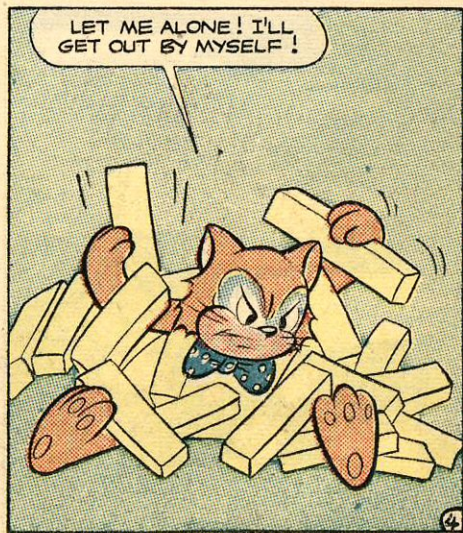
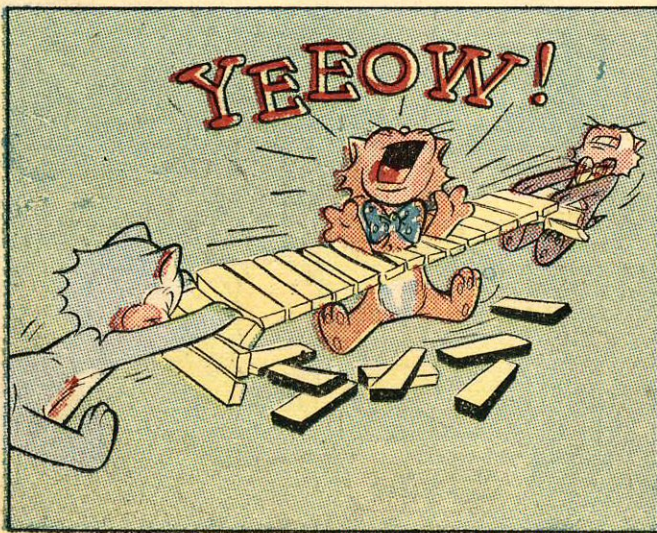
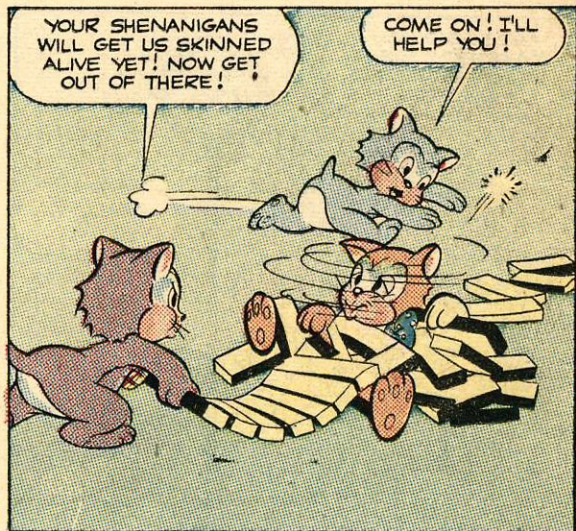
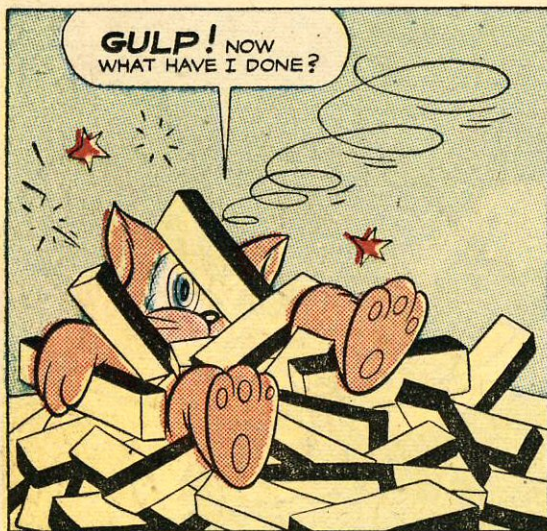
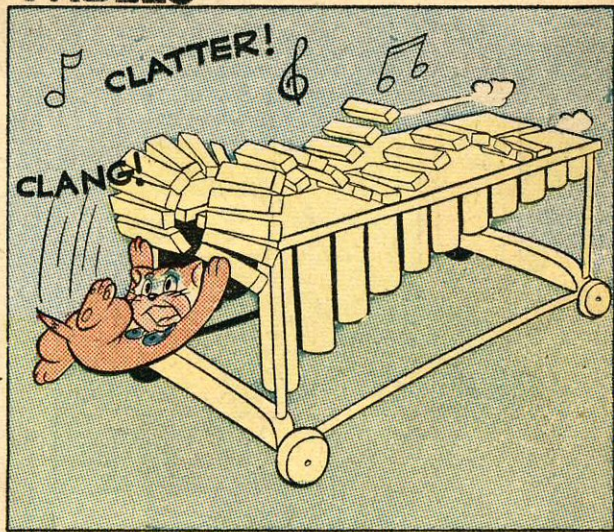
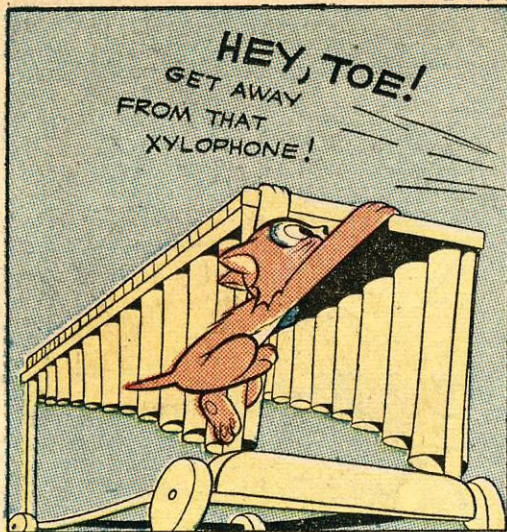
FRISKY FABLES



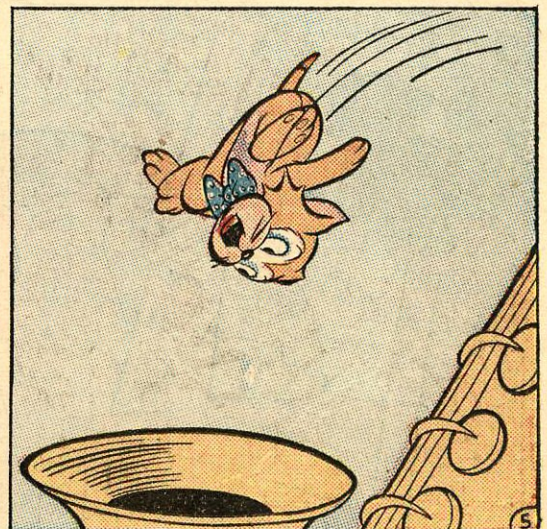
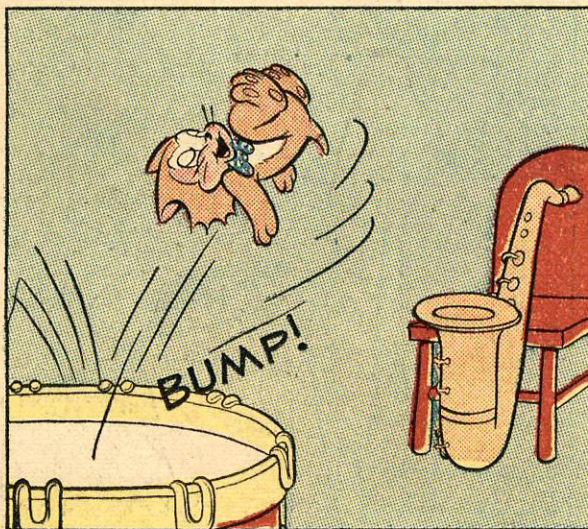
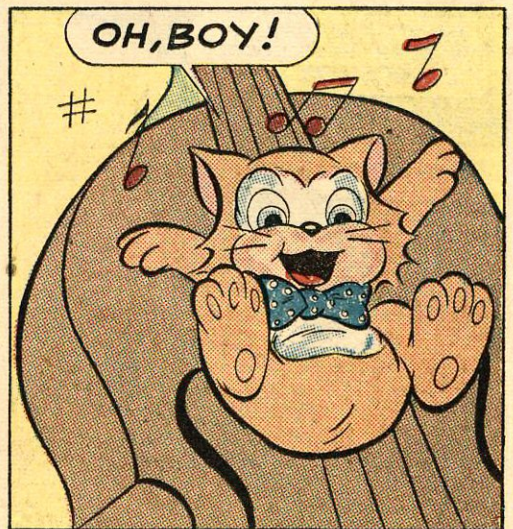
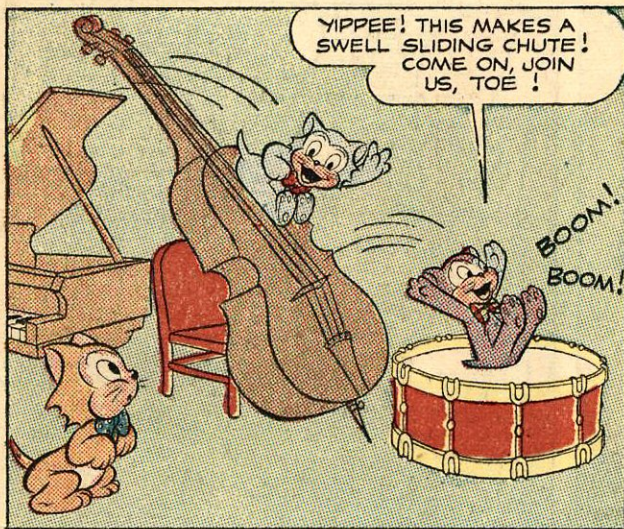
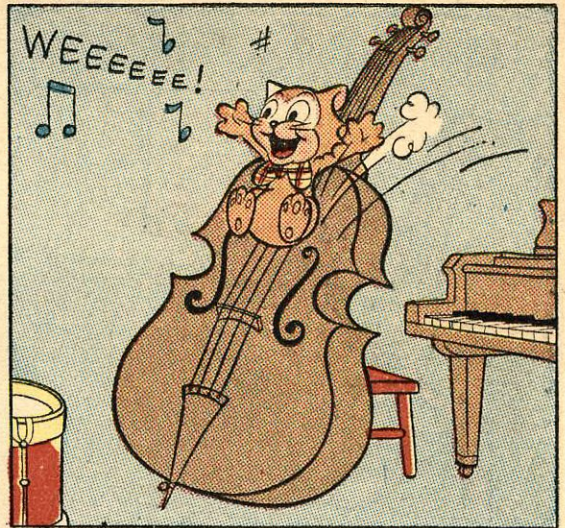
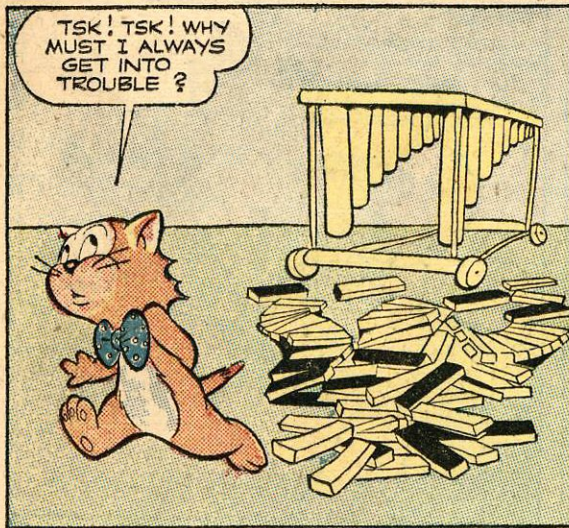
FRISKY FABLES



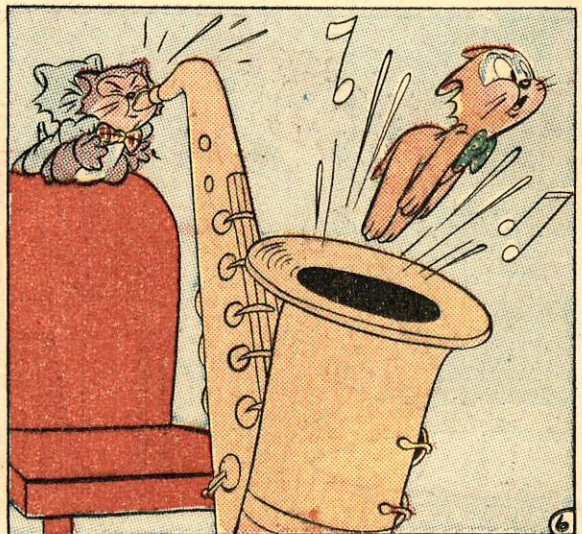
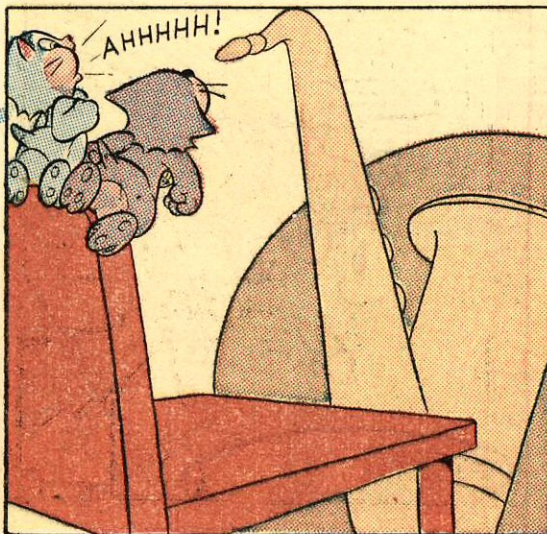
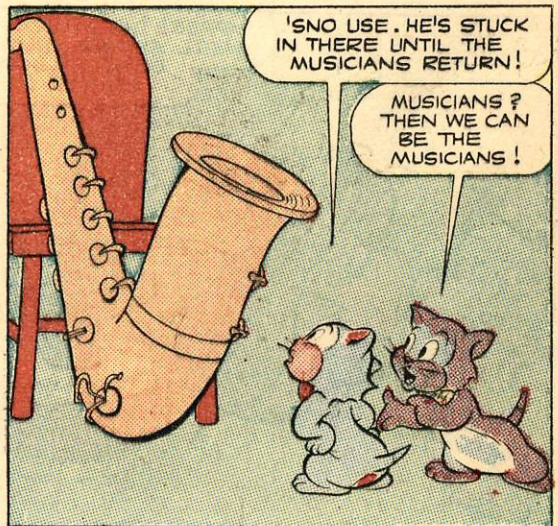
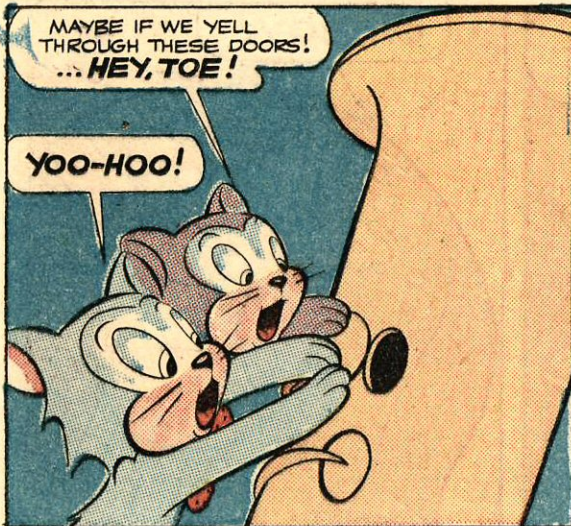
FRISKY FABLES



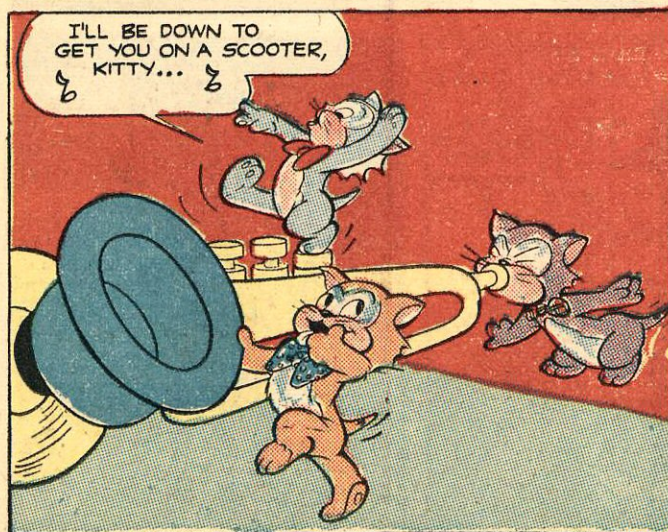
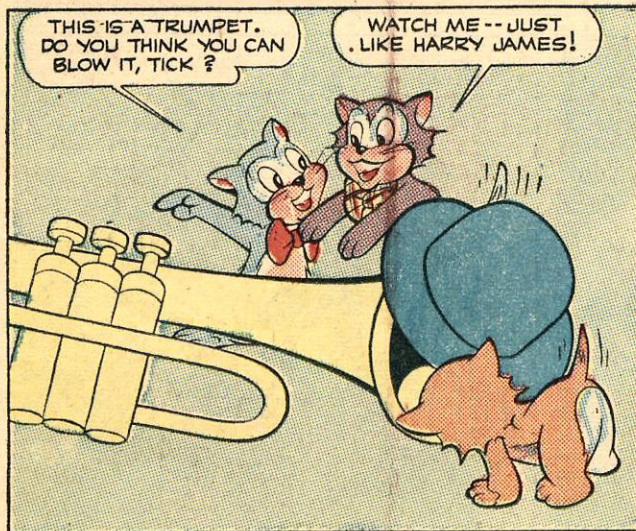
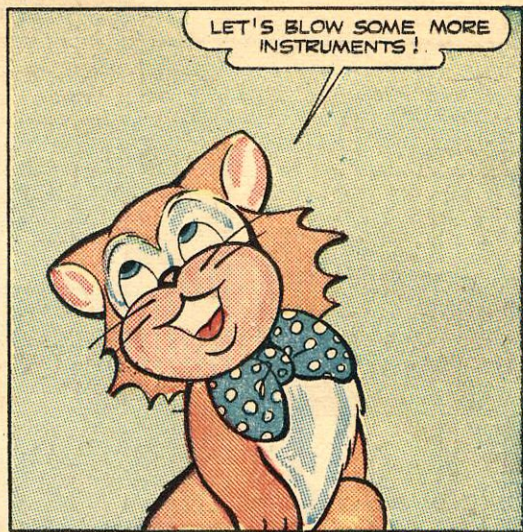
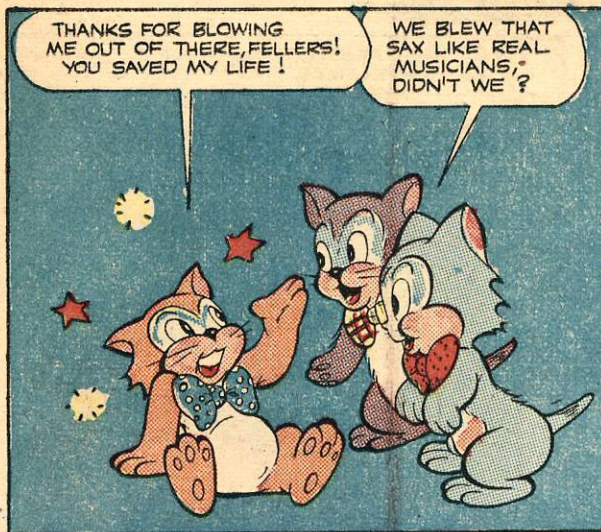
FRISKY FABLES



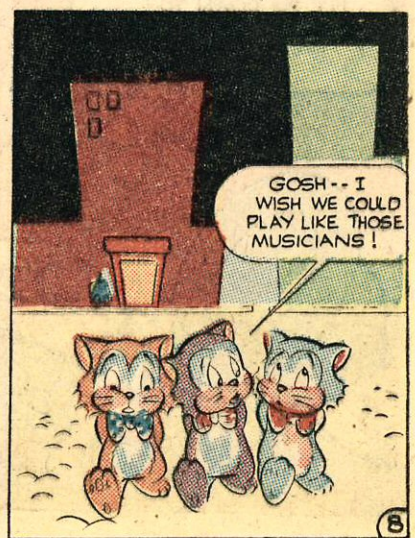
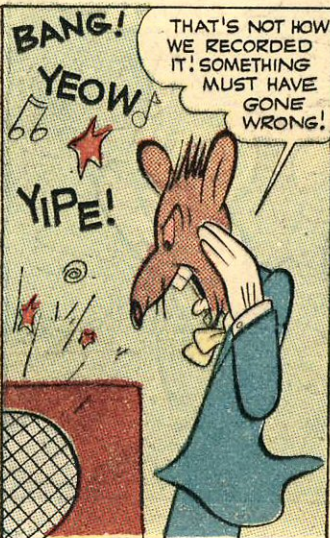
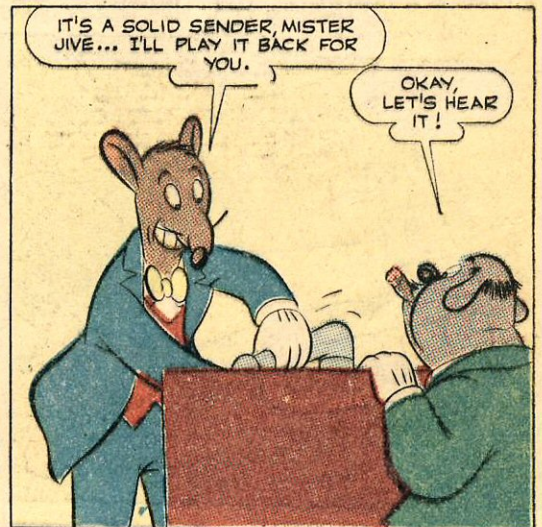
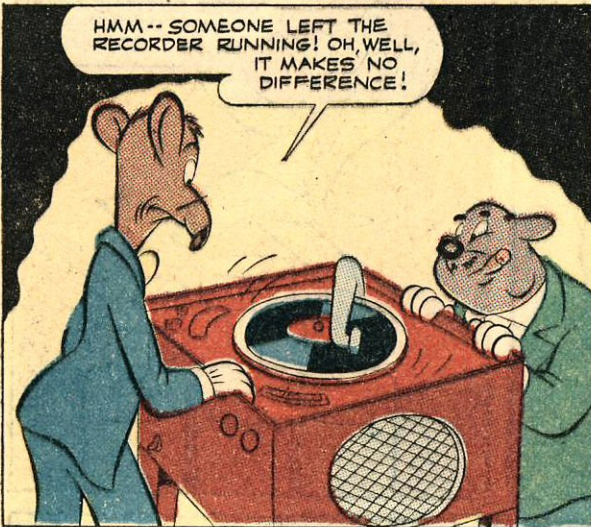
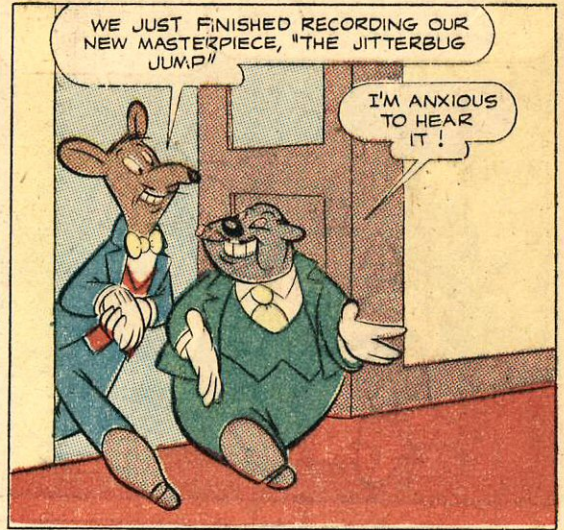
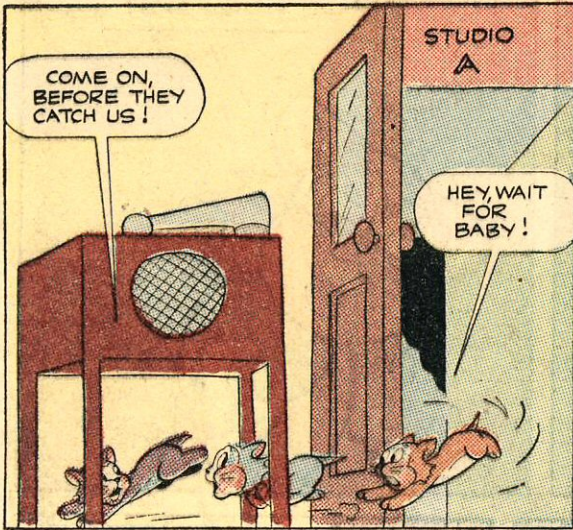
FRISKY FABLES



FRISKY FABLES

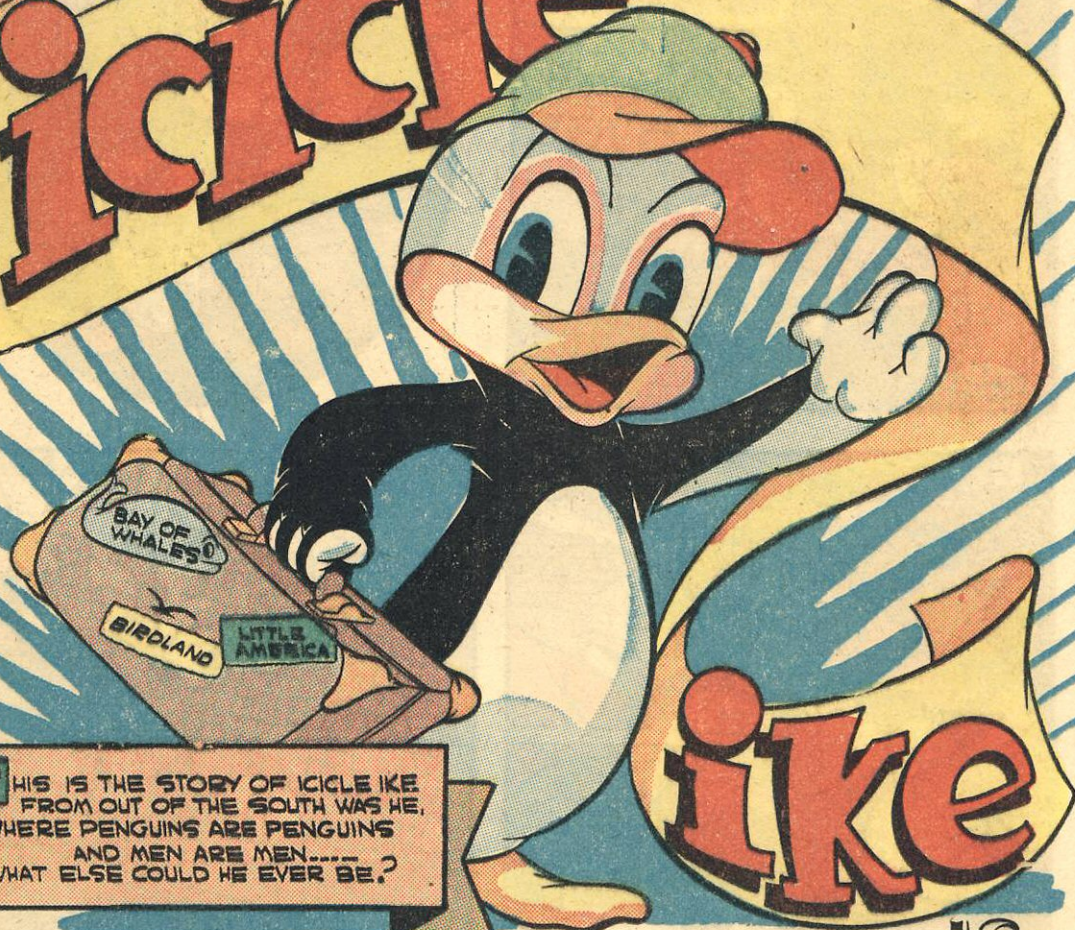


FRISKY FABLES



FRISKY FABLES

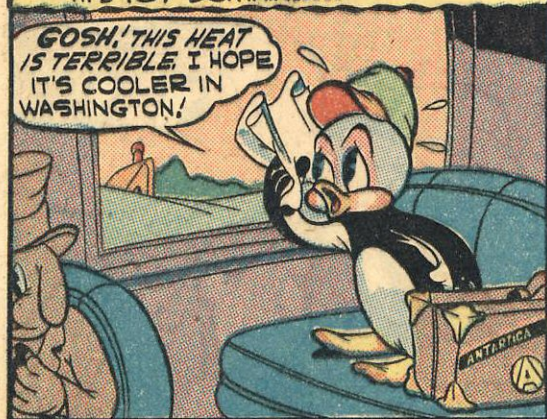
Icicle



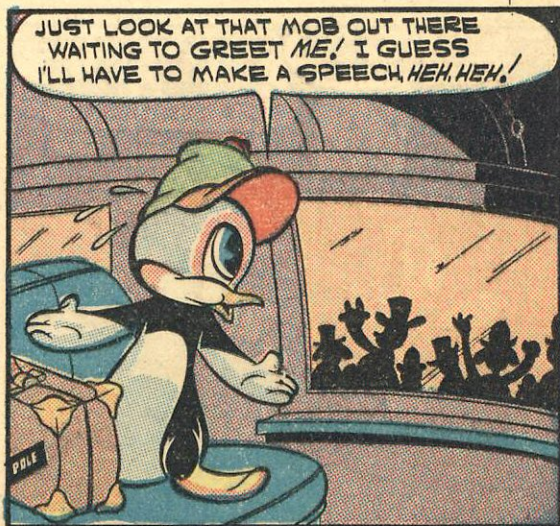
Al. PAGO

...OUR STORY OPENS ON A WASHINGTON TRAIN...
OUR PENGUIN IS FAR FROM HIS ICY DOMAIN.....

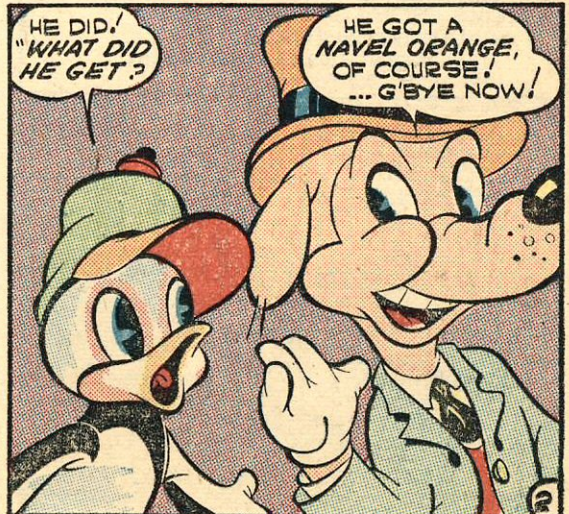
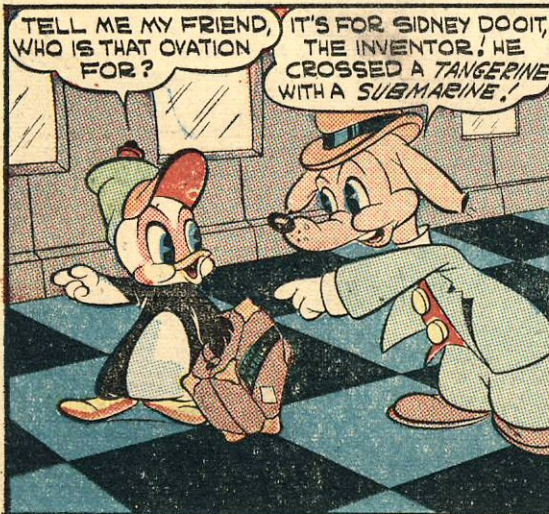
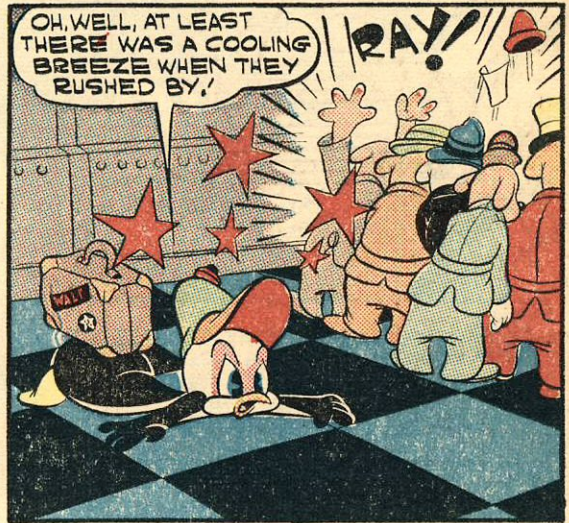
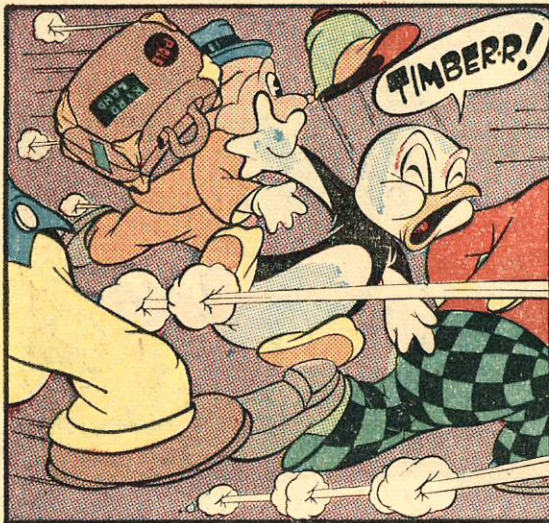
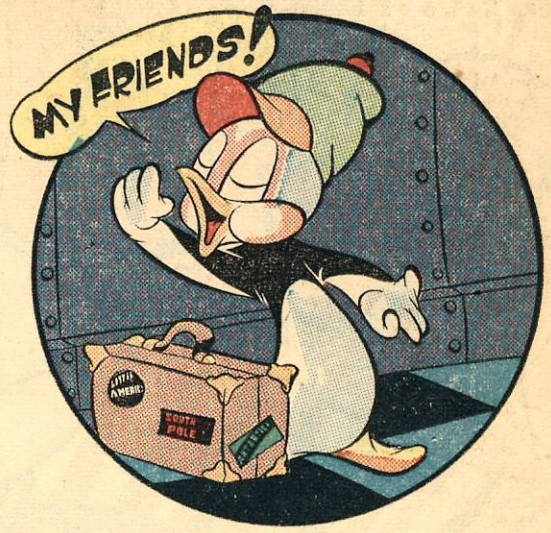
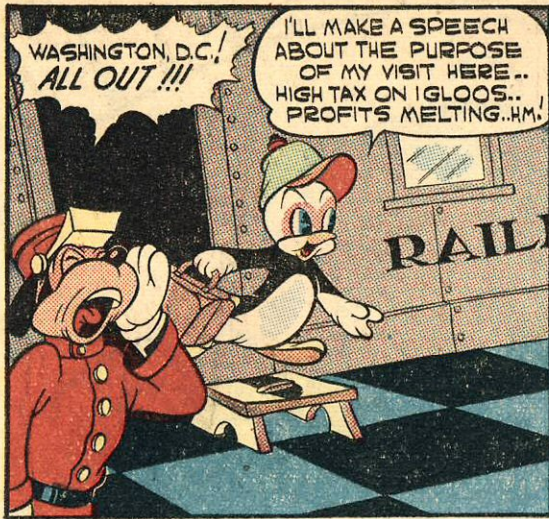
GOSH, THIS HEAT IS TERRIBLE. I HOPE IT'S COOLER IN WASHINGTON!



JUST LOOK AT THAT MOB OUT THERE WAITING TO GREET ME! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SPEECH, HEH, HEH!

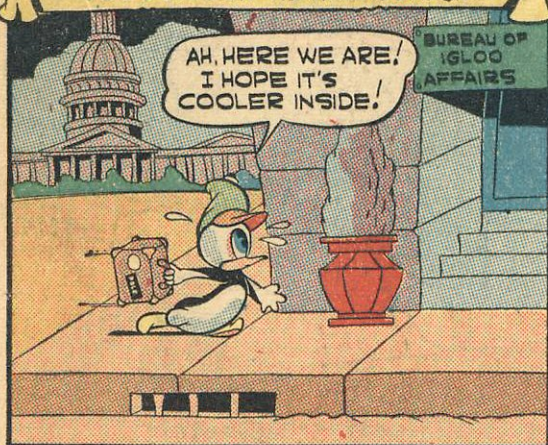


FRISKY FABLES

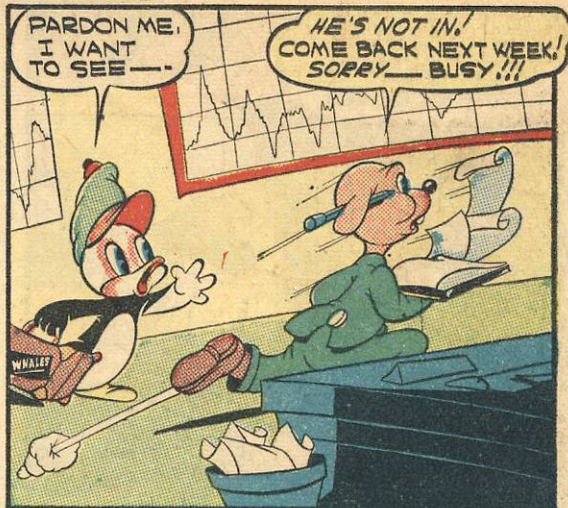


FRISKY FABLES

OUR HERO CONTINUES ON ONCE MORE, TO DO HIS DUTY AS AMBASSADOR...



AH, HERE WE ARE!
I HOPE IT'S
COOLER INSIDE!



PARDON ME,
I WANT
TO SEE—

HE'S NOT IN!
COME BACK NEXT WEEK!
SORRY— BUSY!!!



I WANT
TO SEE—

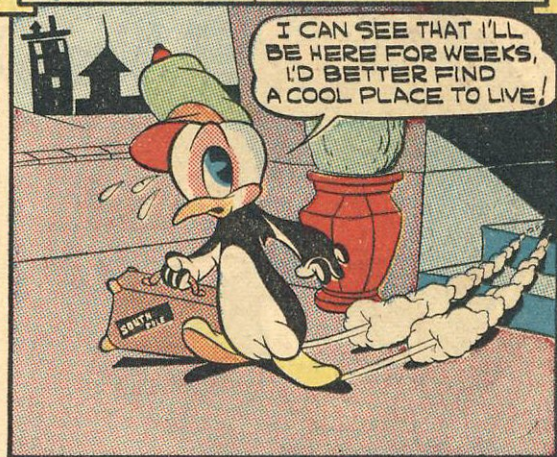
..ER, PARDON
ME...

I WANT TO
SEE!

SORRY!

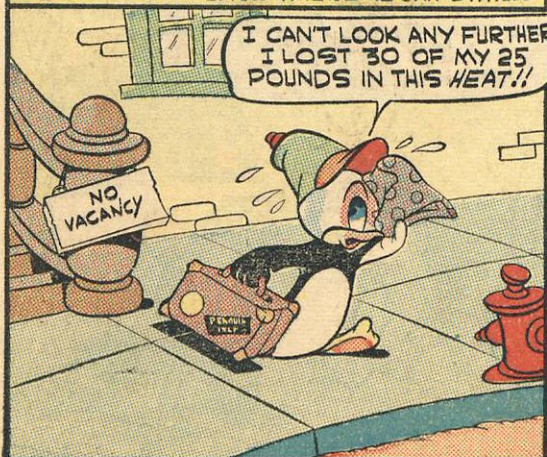
SORRY!

**DIZZY FROM DUCKING AND DODGING,
OUR HERO LEAVES TO SEEK LODGING...**

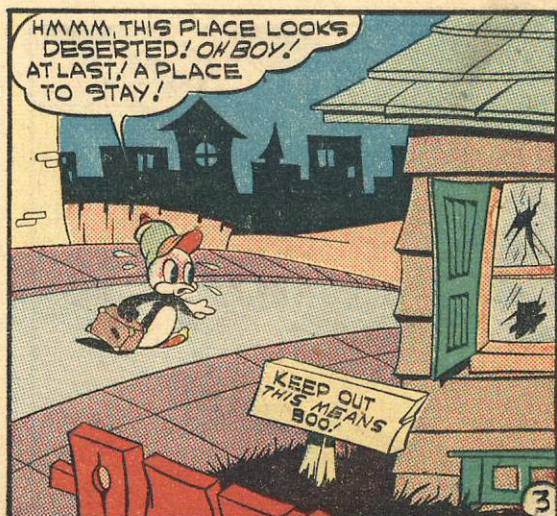


I CAN SEE THAT I'LL
BE HERE FOR WEEKS,
I'D BETTER FIND
A COOL PLACE TO LIVE!

**BUT THO HE SEARCHES ALL THE DAY,
HE FINDS NO PLACE WHERE HE CAN STAY...**



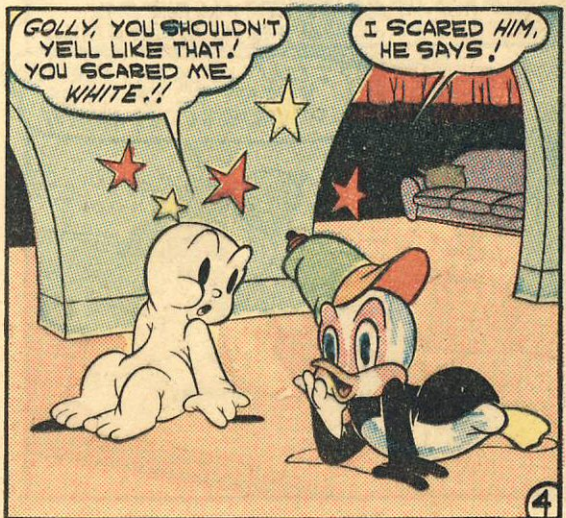
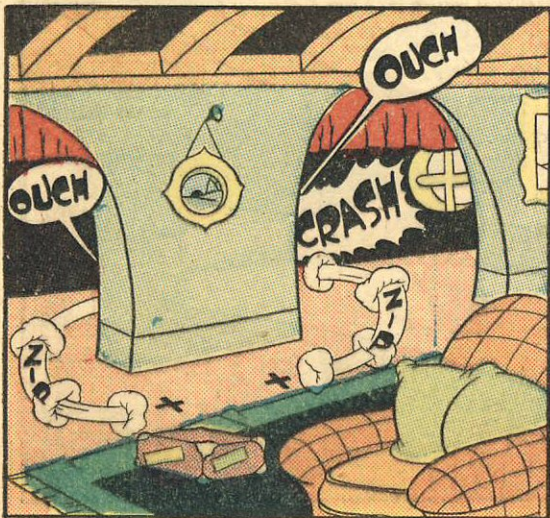
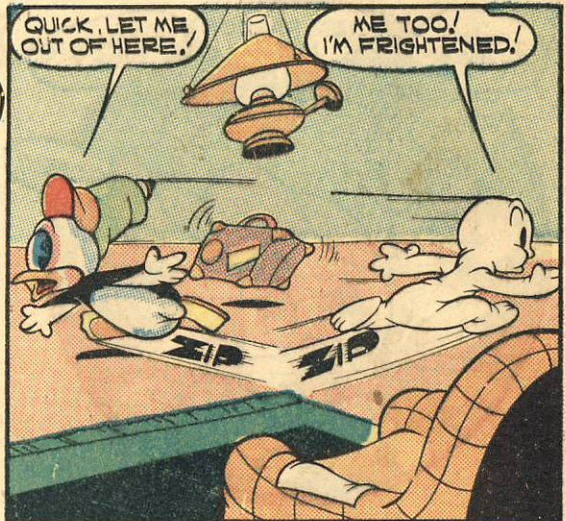
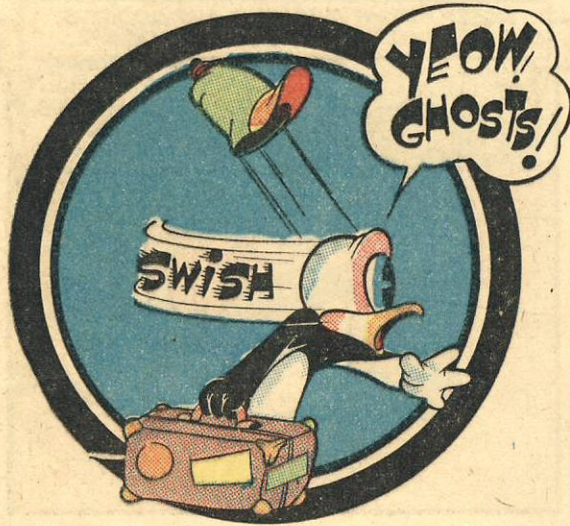
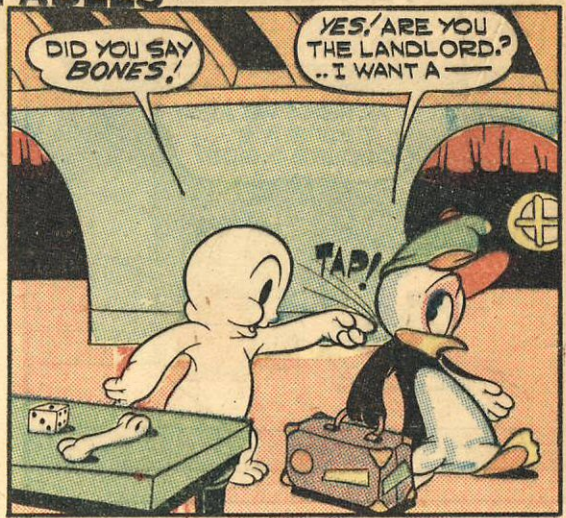
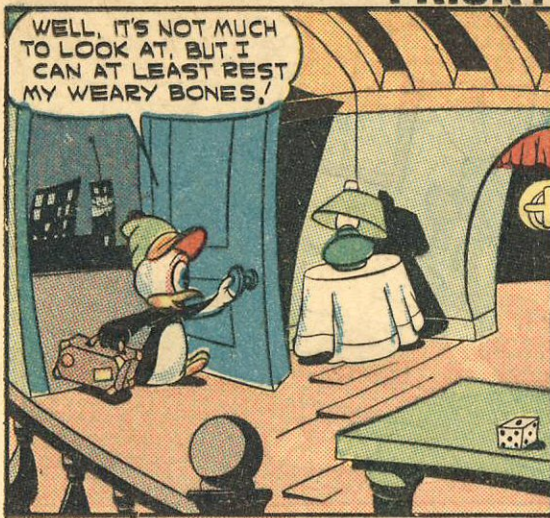
I CAN'T LOOK ANY FURTHER!
I LOST 30 OF MY 25
POUNDS IN THIS HEAT!!



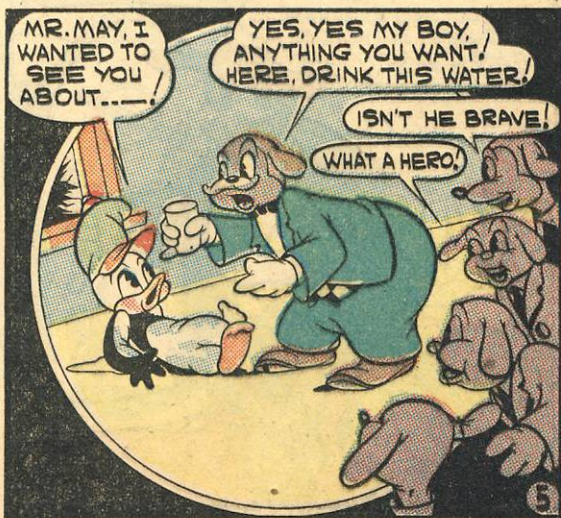
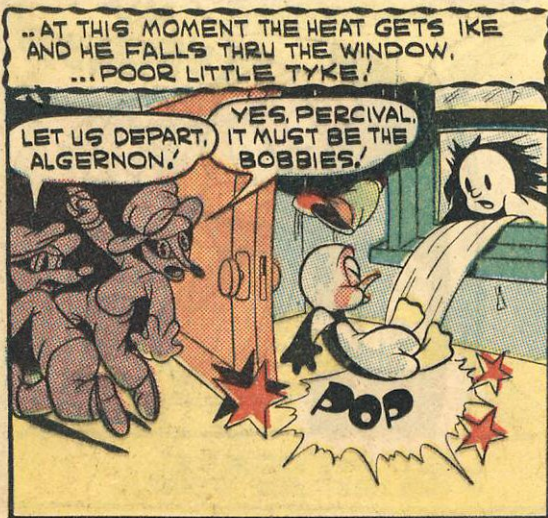
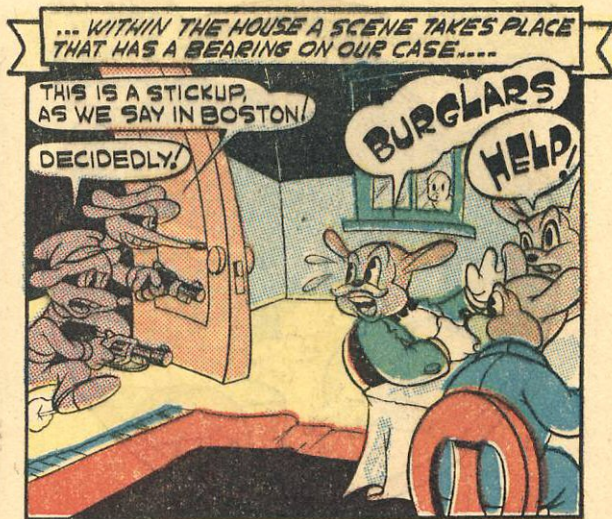
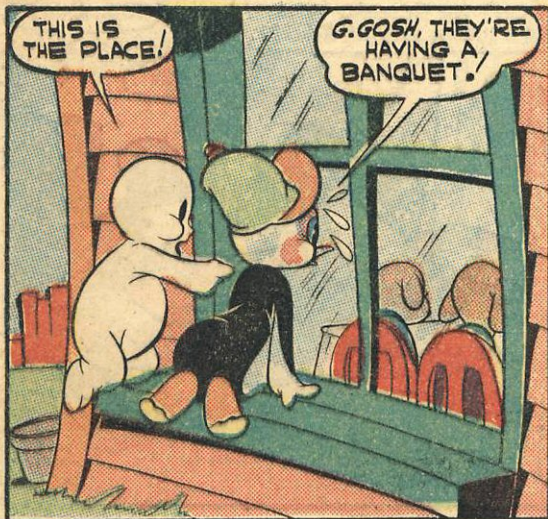
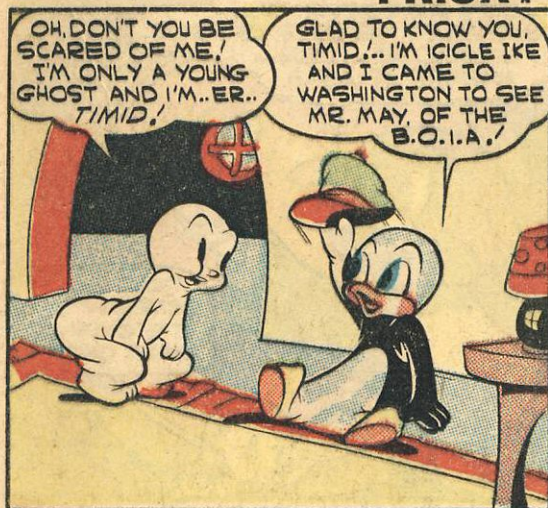
HMMM, THIS PLACE LOOKS
DESERTED! OH BOY!
AT LAST! A PLACE
TO STAY!

KEEP OUT
THIS MEANS
BOO.

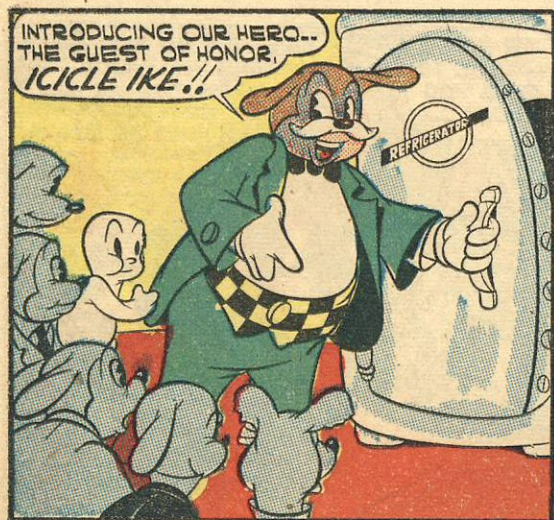
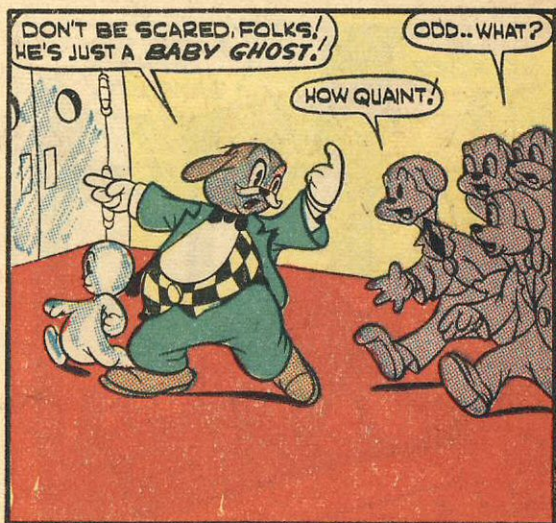
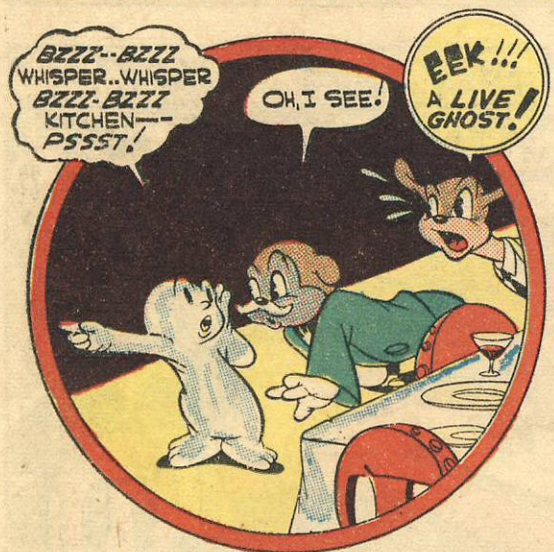
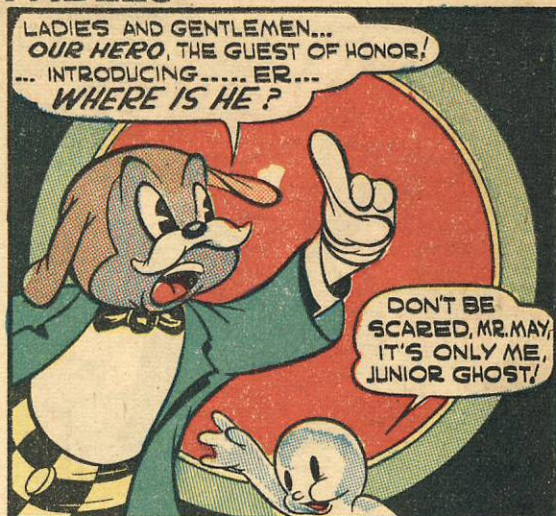
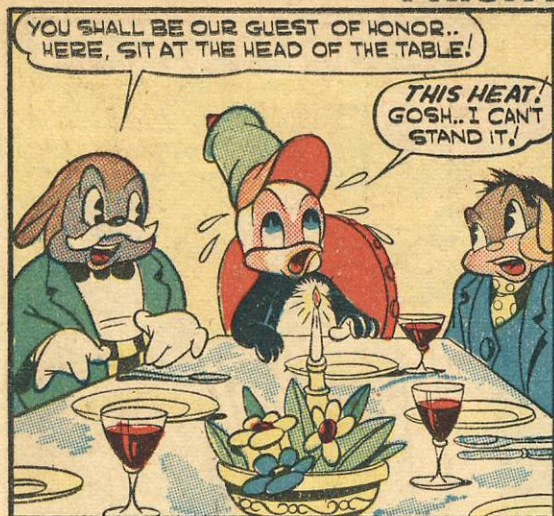
FRISKY FABLES



FRISKY FABLES

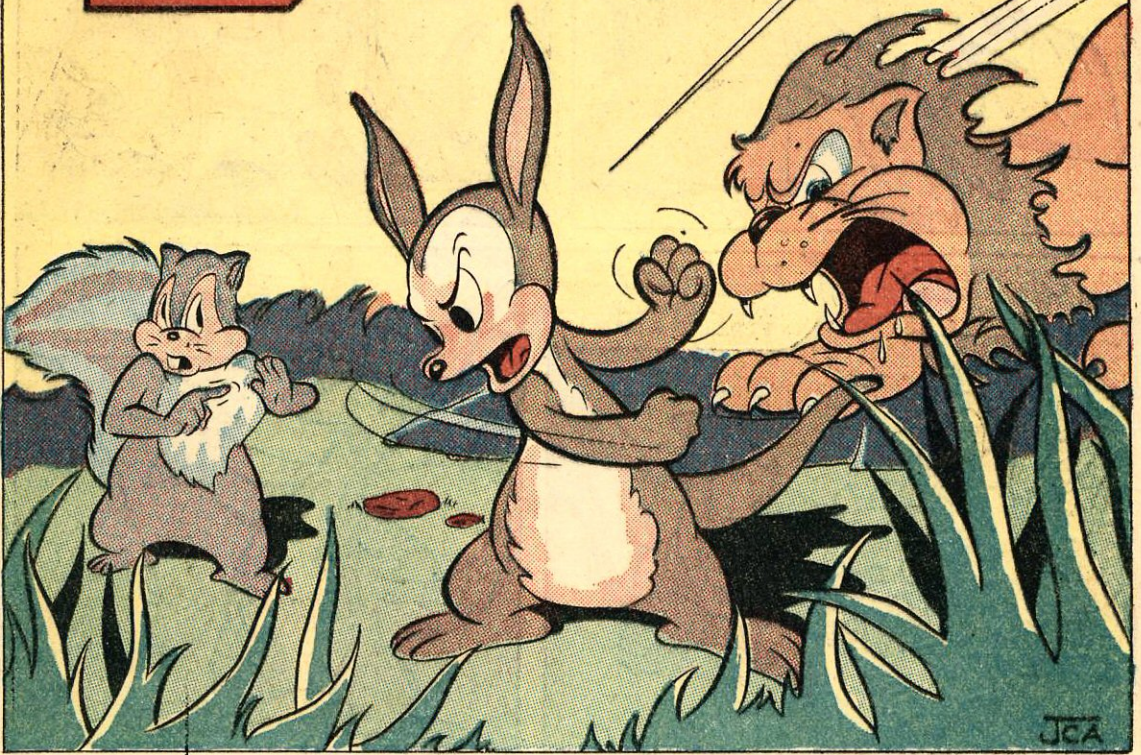


FRISKY FABLES



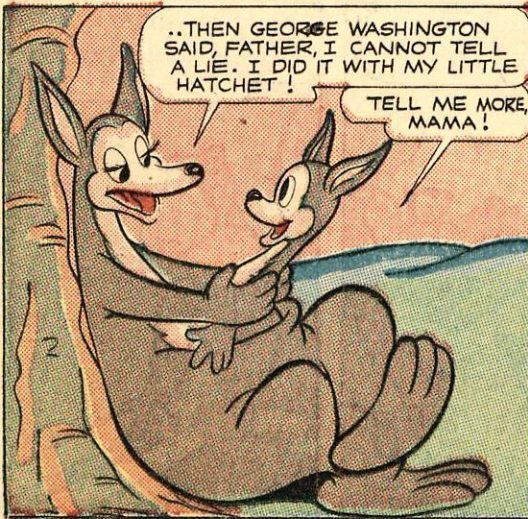
SPUNKY

...THEN I'D REACH INTO THE
LION'S MOUTH, GRAB HIM BY THE
TAIL, AND TURN HIM INSIDE
OUT!



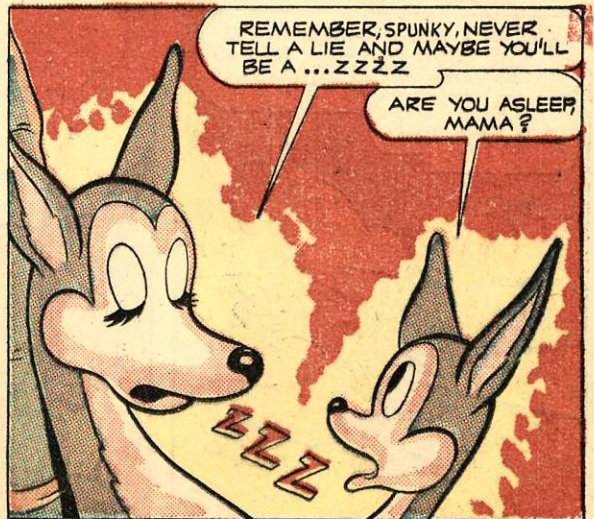
...THEN GEORGE WASHINGTON
SAID, FATHER, I CANNOT TELL
A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE
HATCHET!

TELL ME MORE,
MAMA!

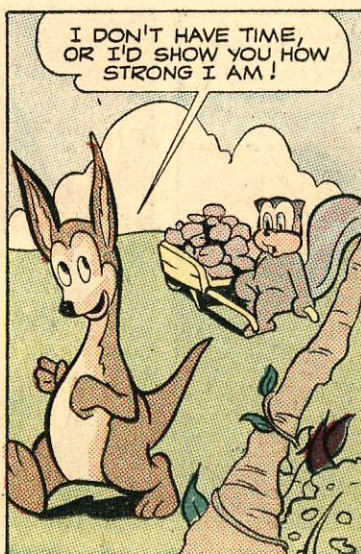
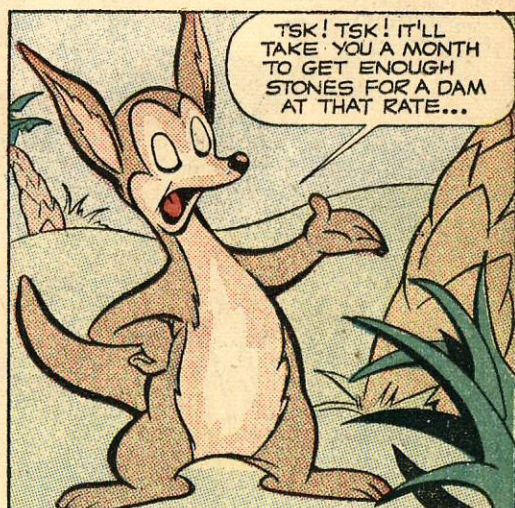
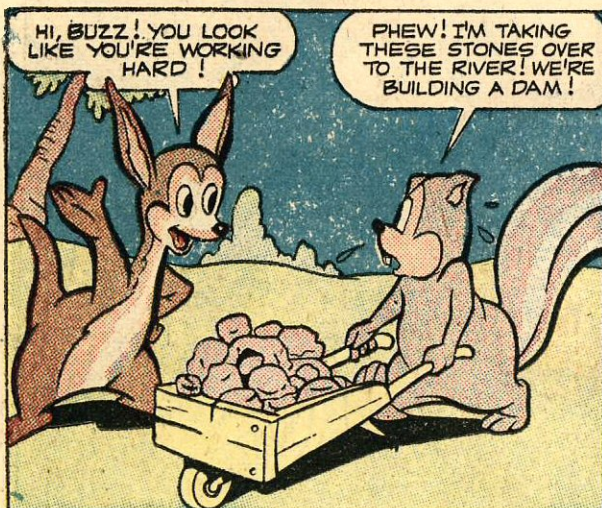
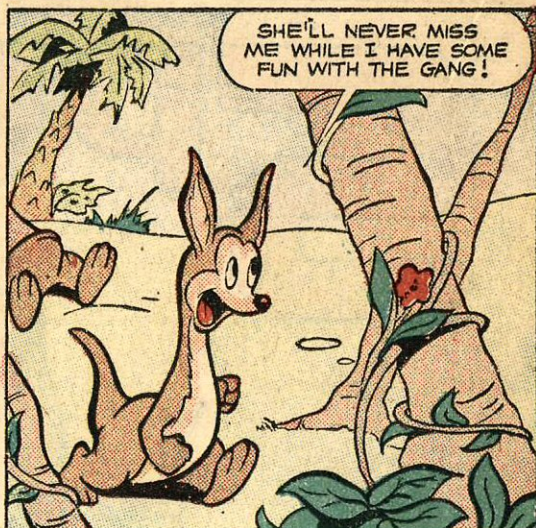


REMEMBER, SPUNKY, NEVER
TELL A LIE AND MAYBE YOU'LL
BE A...ZZZZ

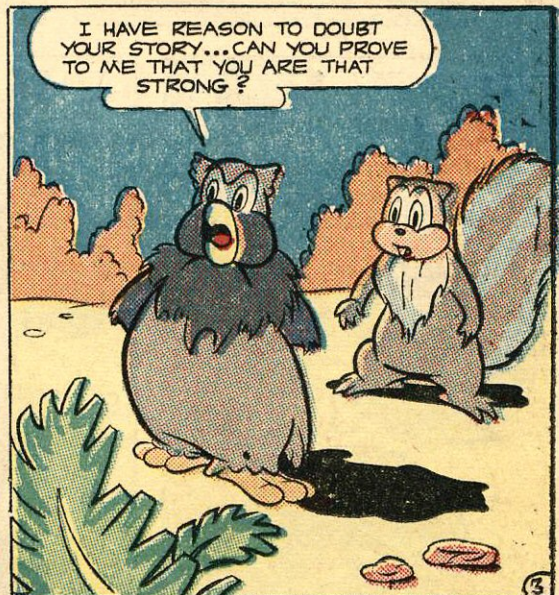
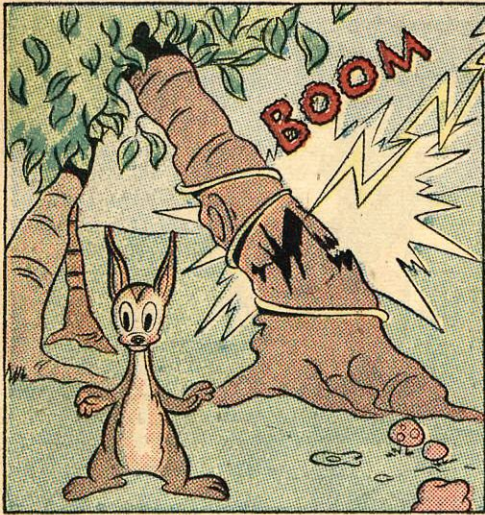
ARE YOU ASLEEP,
MAMA?



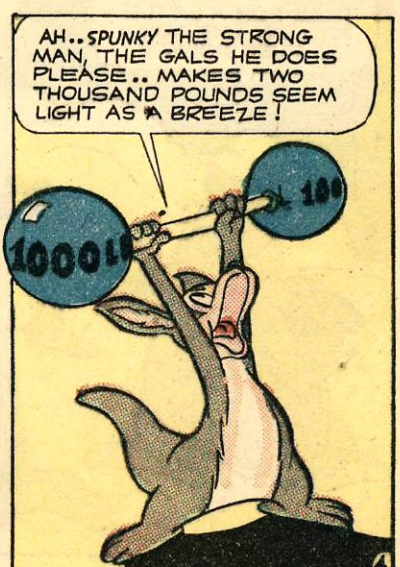
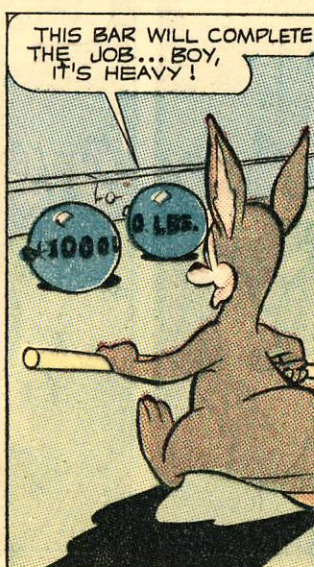
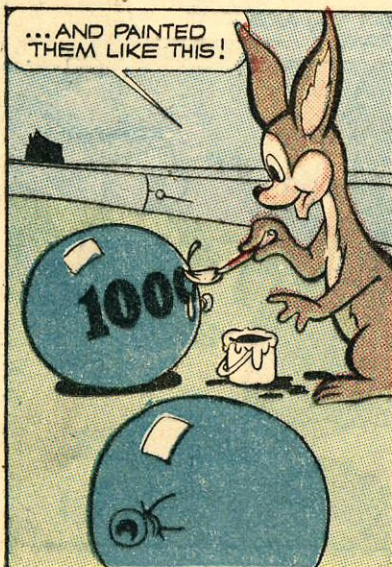
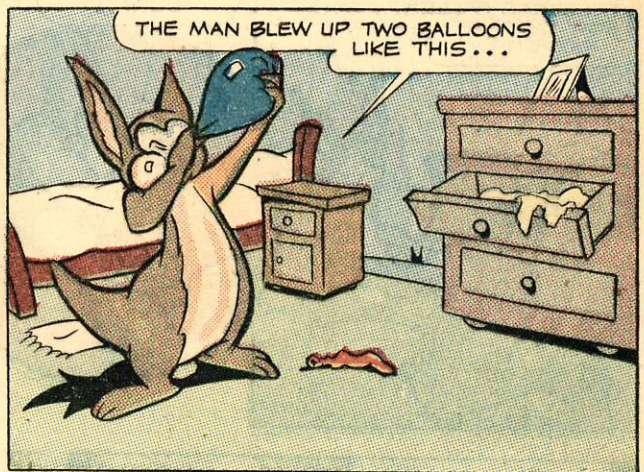
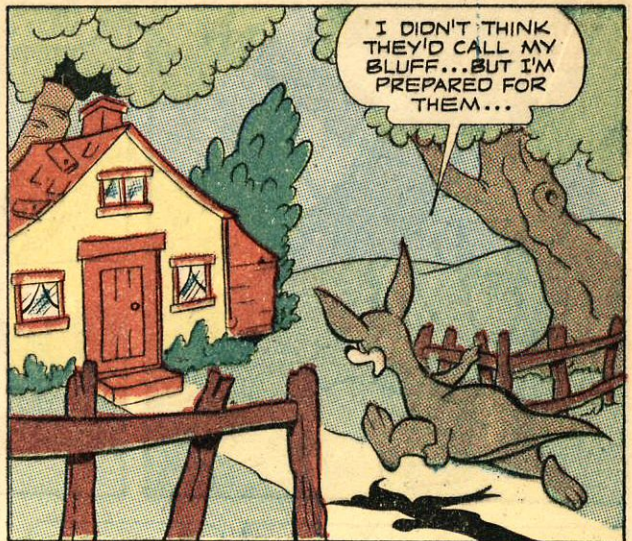
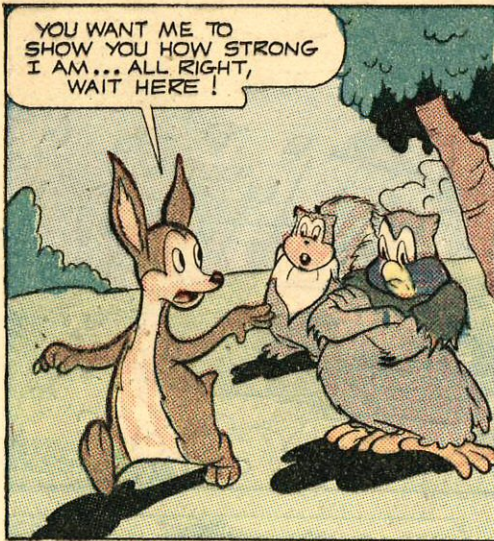
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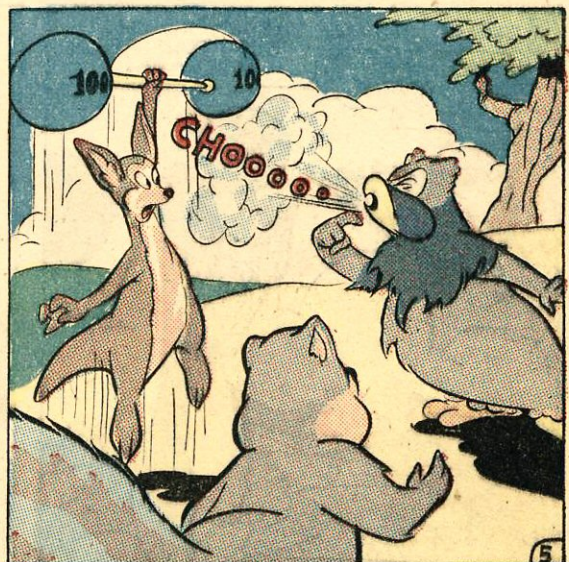
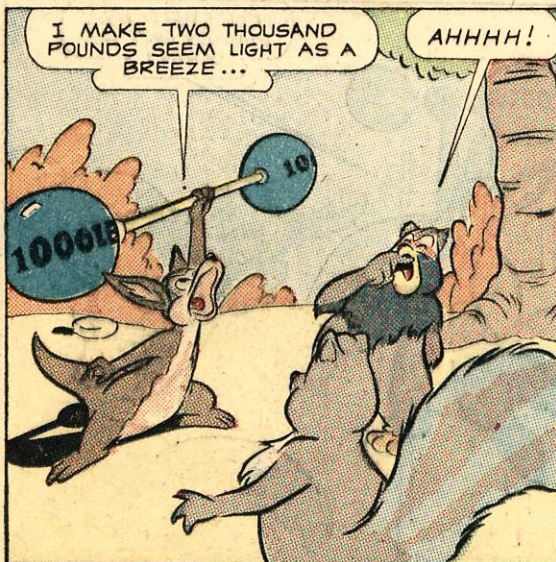
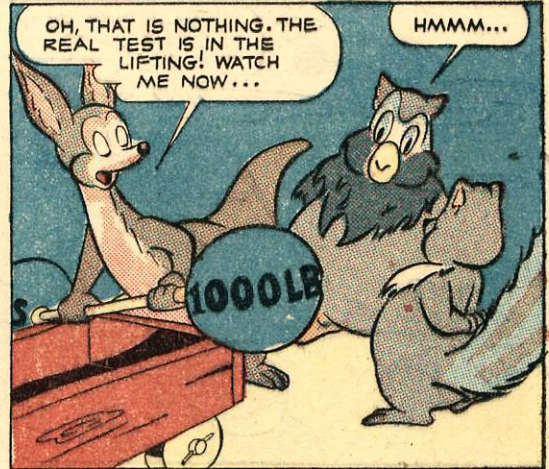
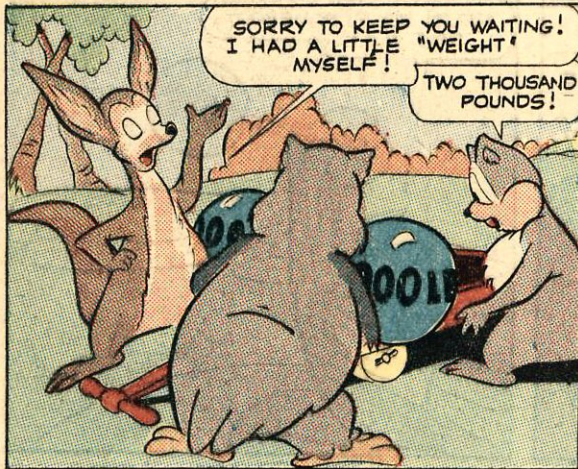
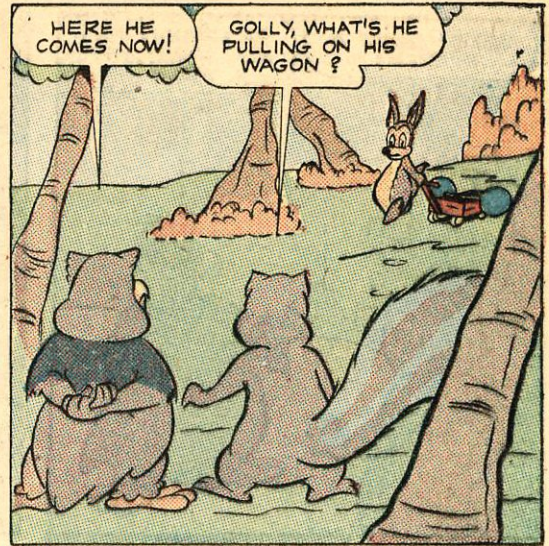
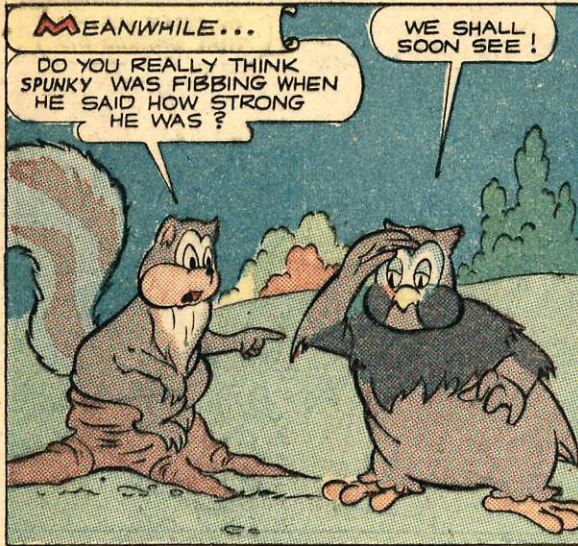
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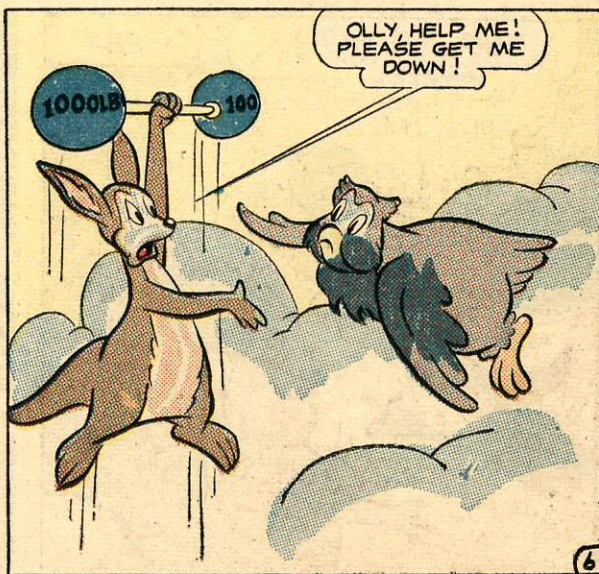
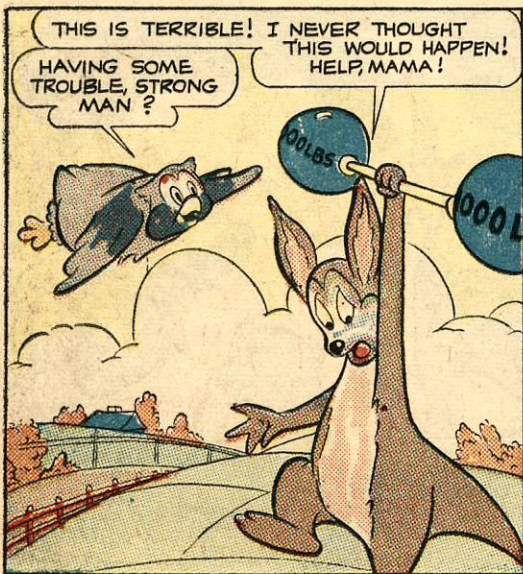
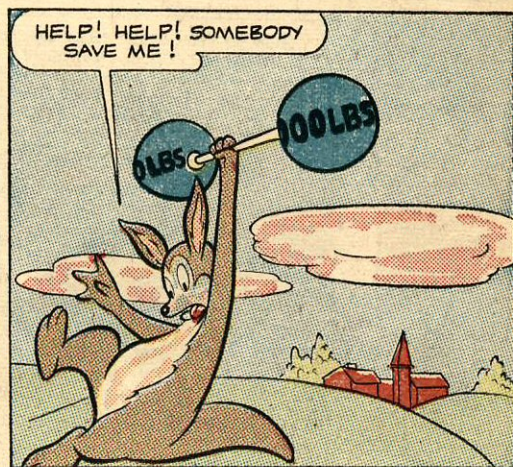
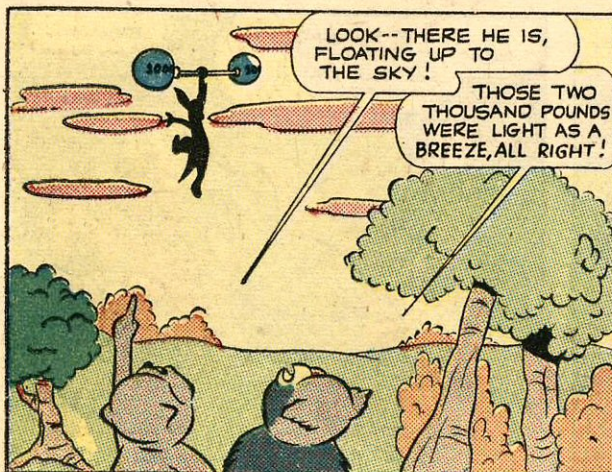
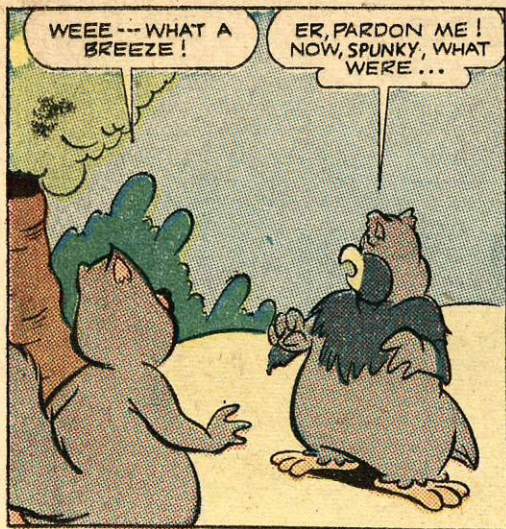
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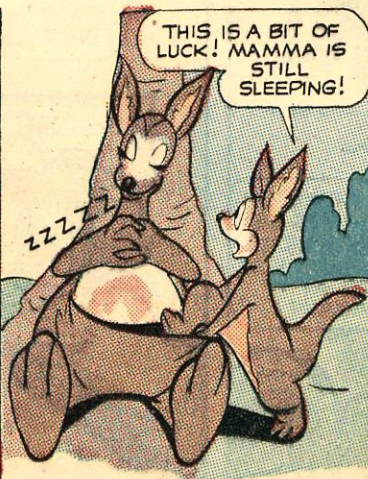
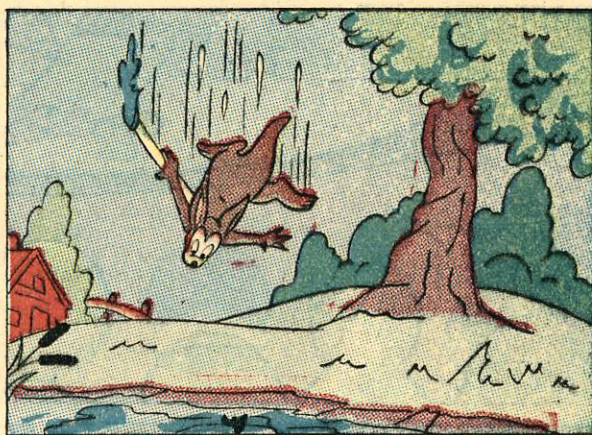
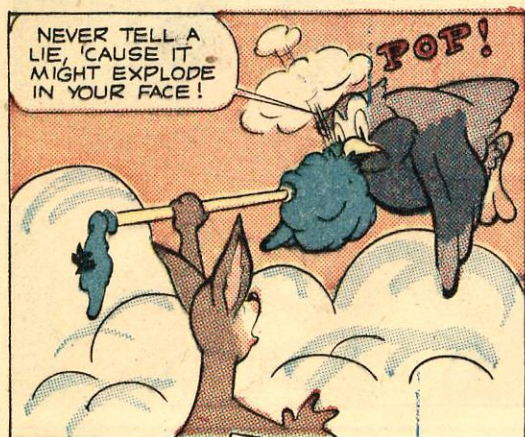
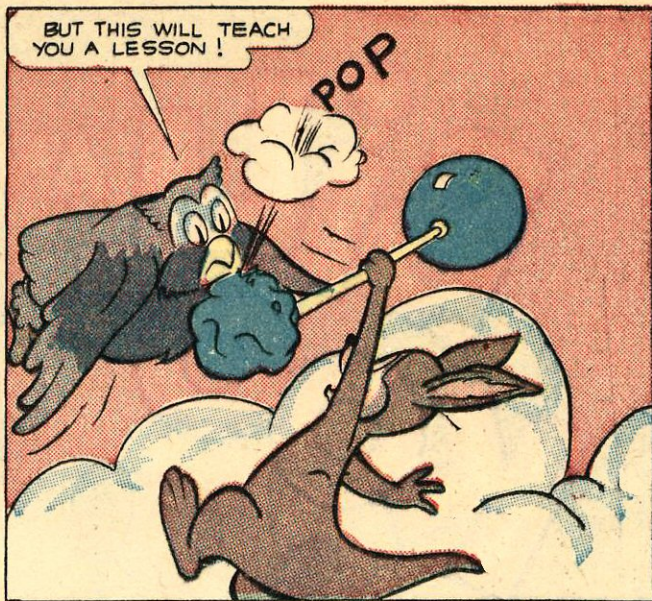
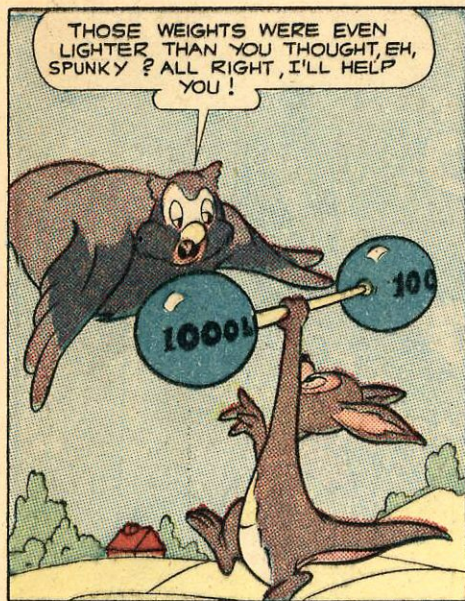
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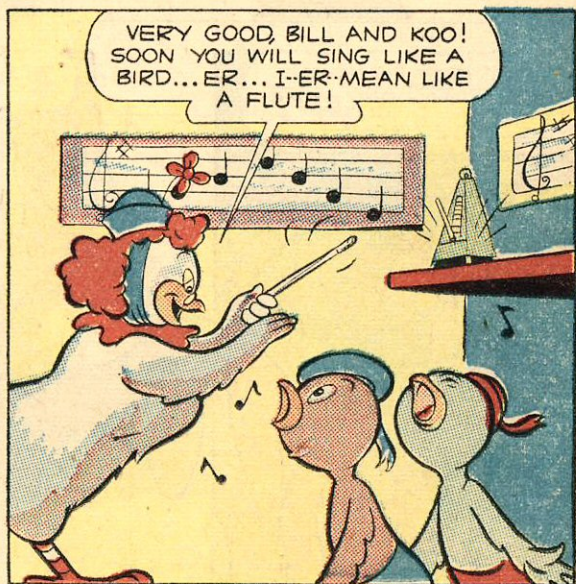
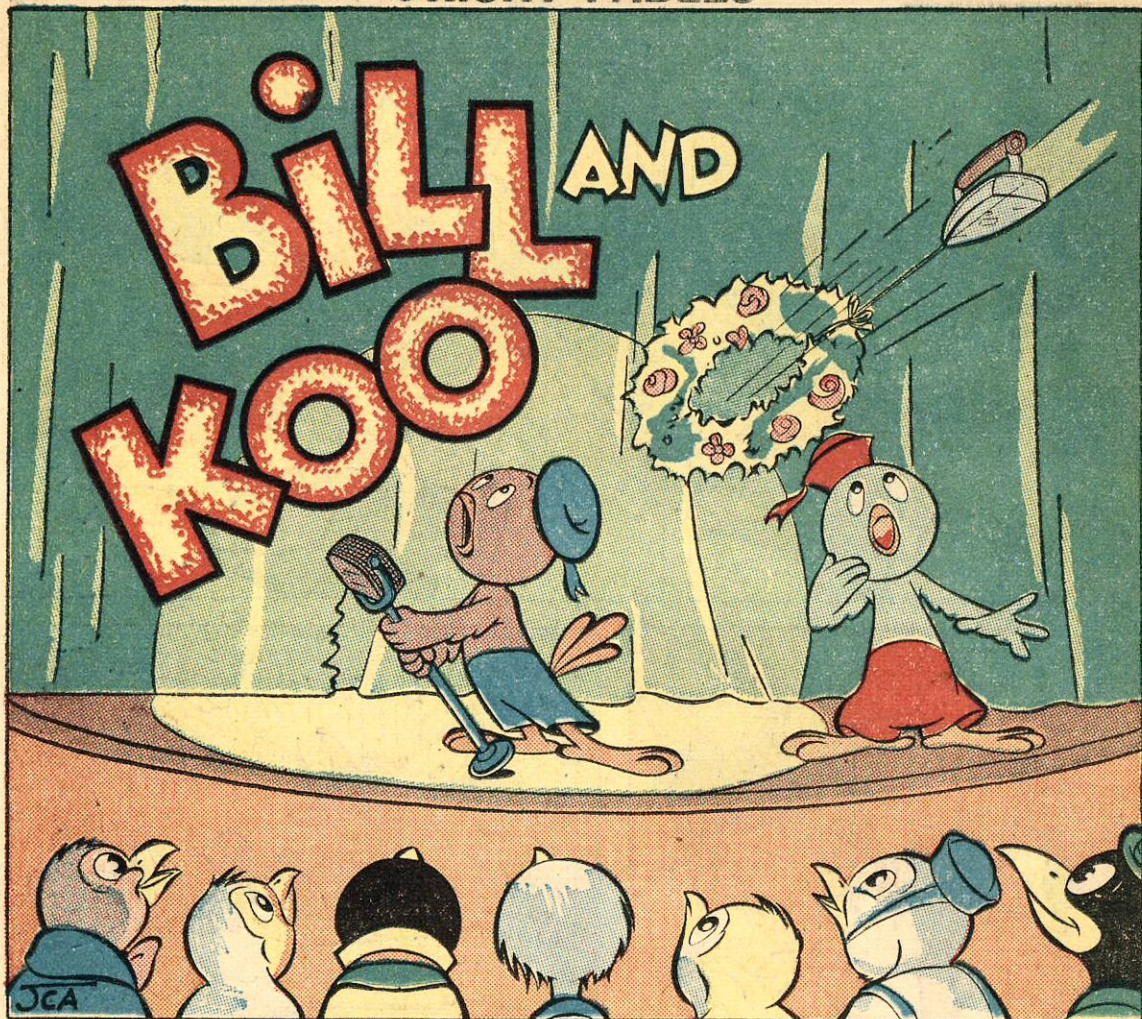


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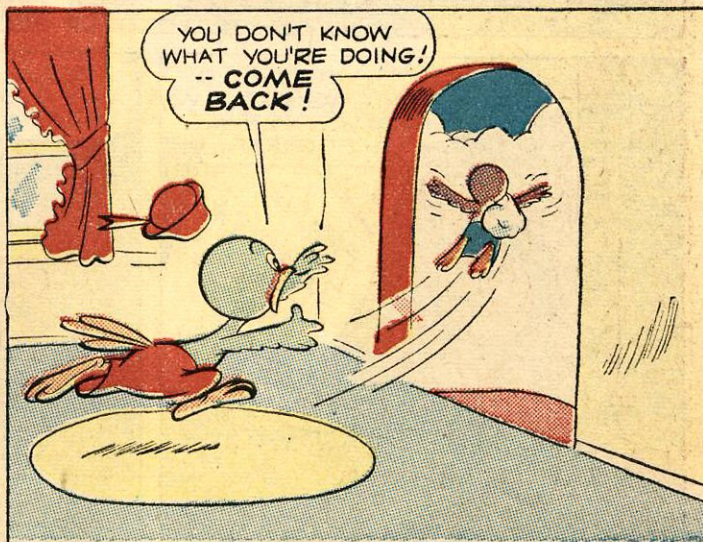
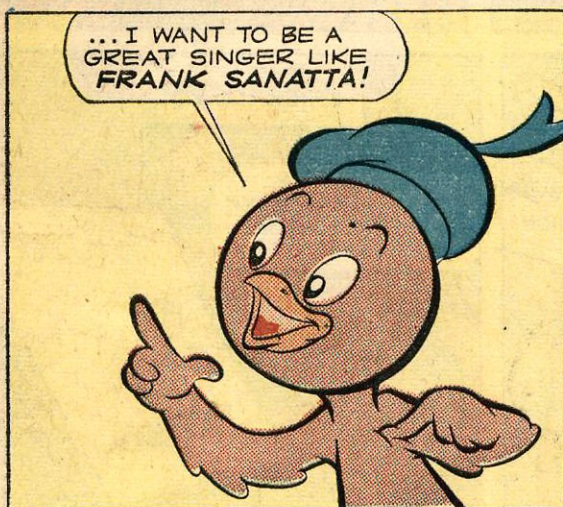
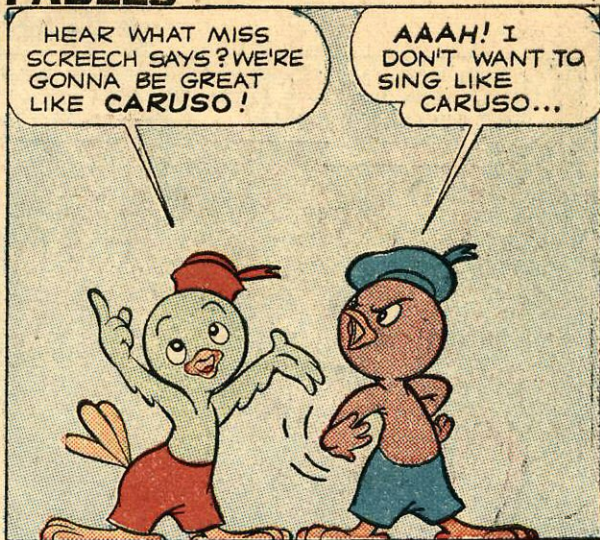


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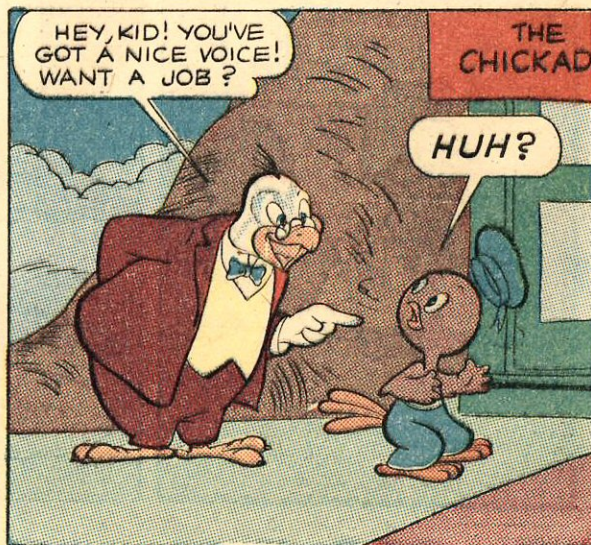
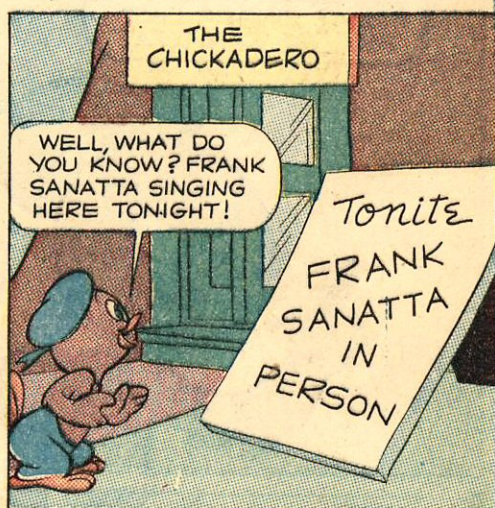
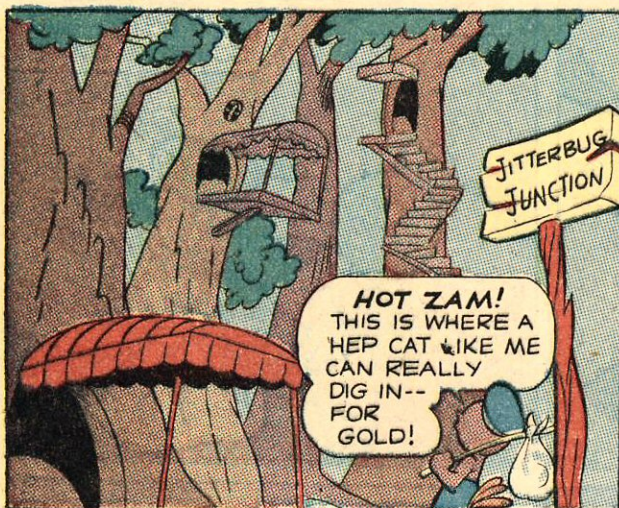
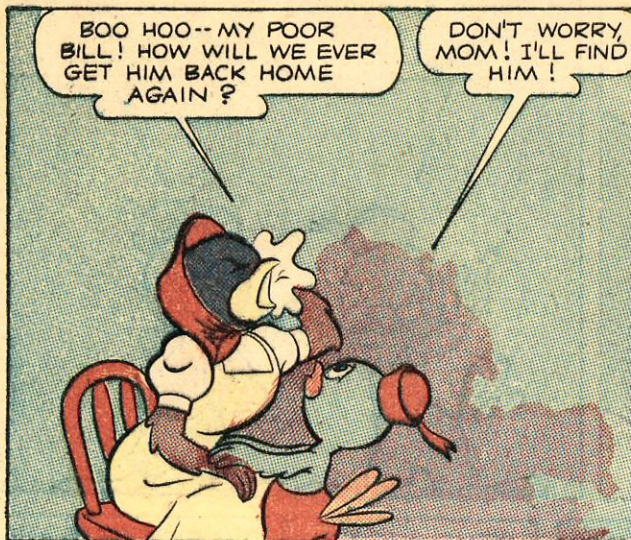




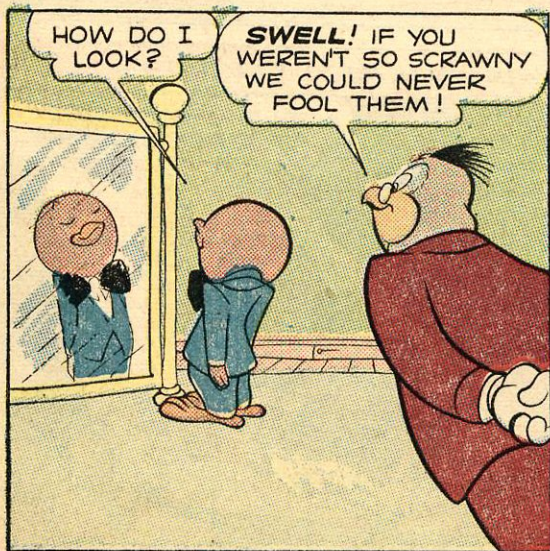
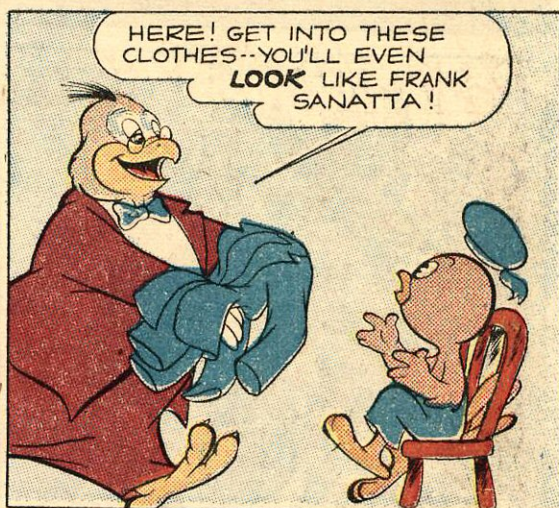
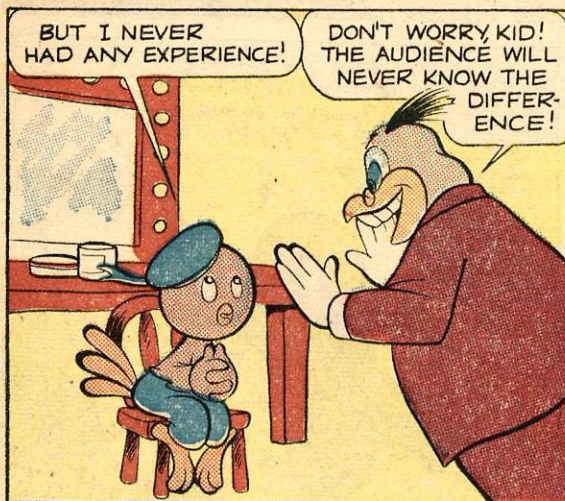
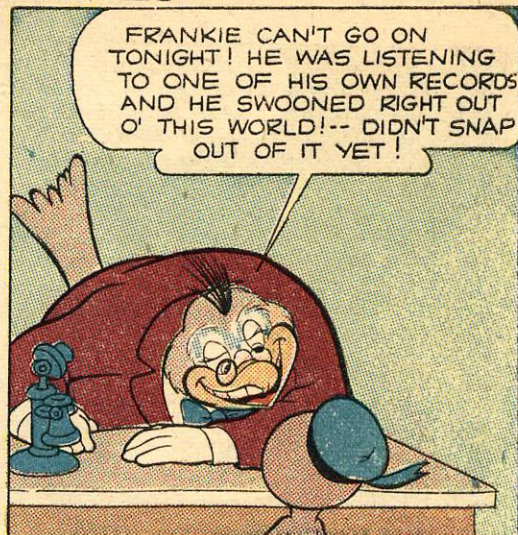
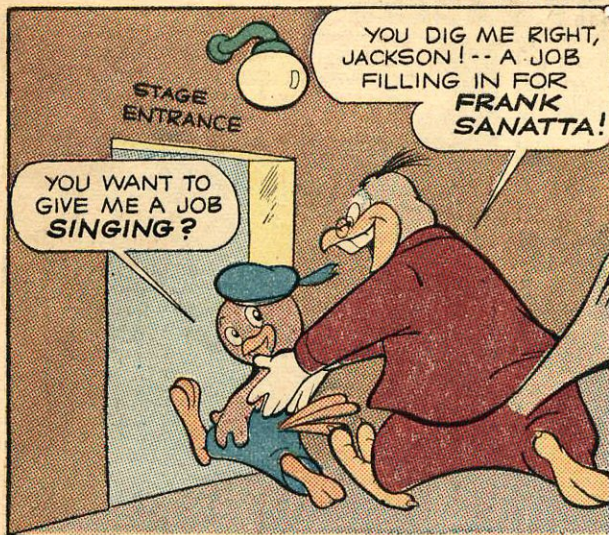
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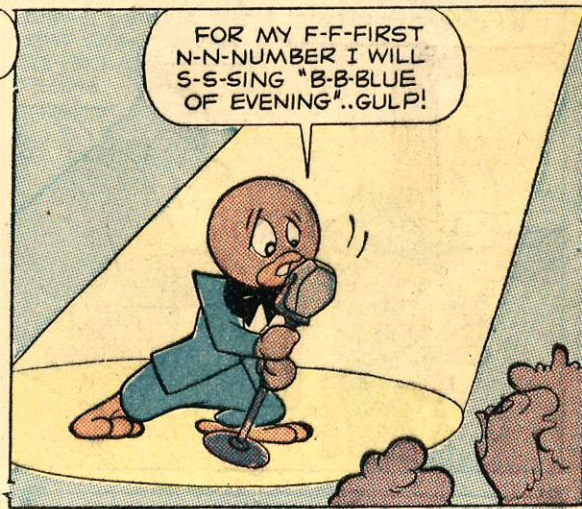
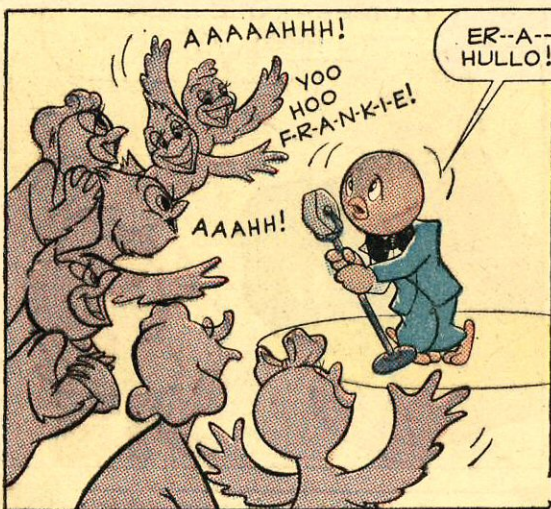
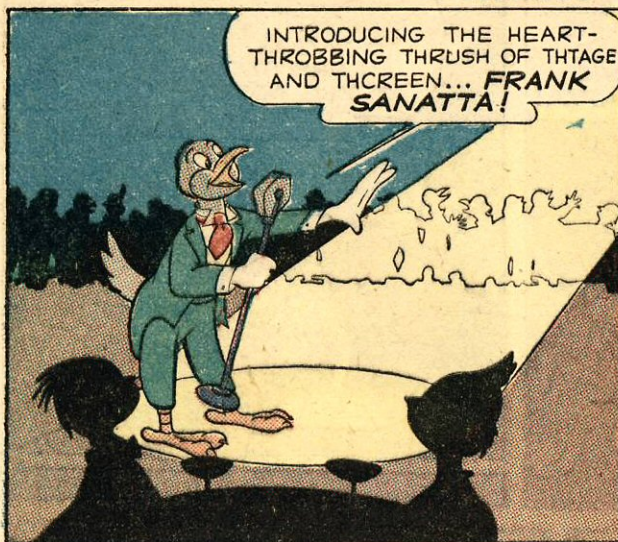
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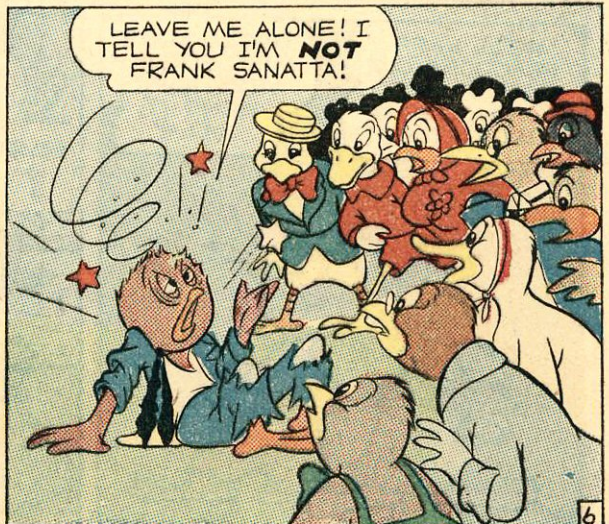
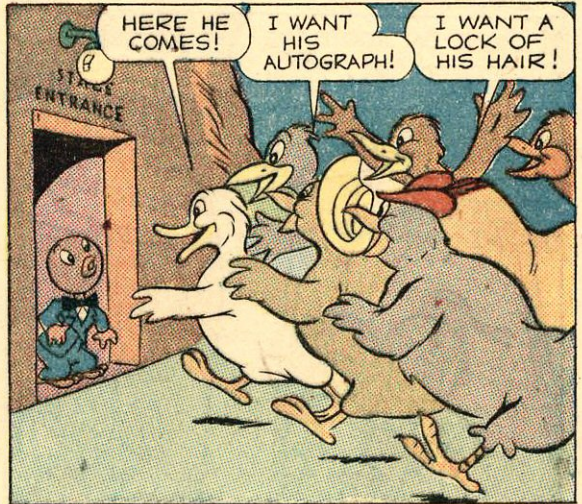
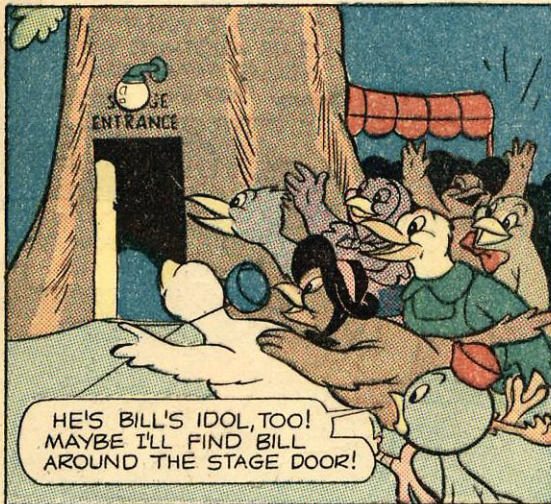
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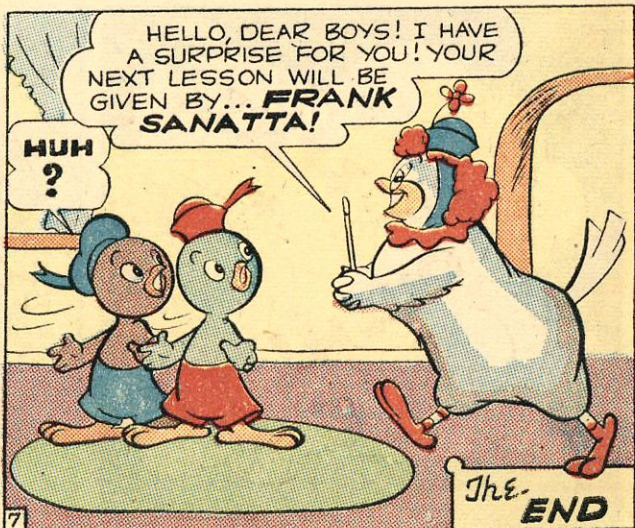
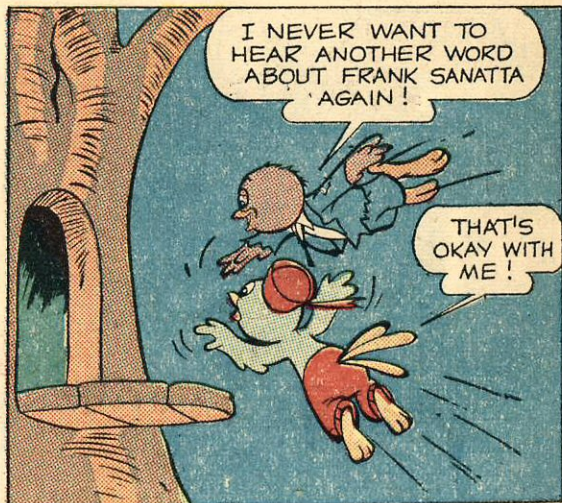
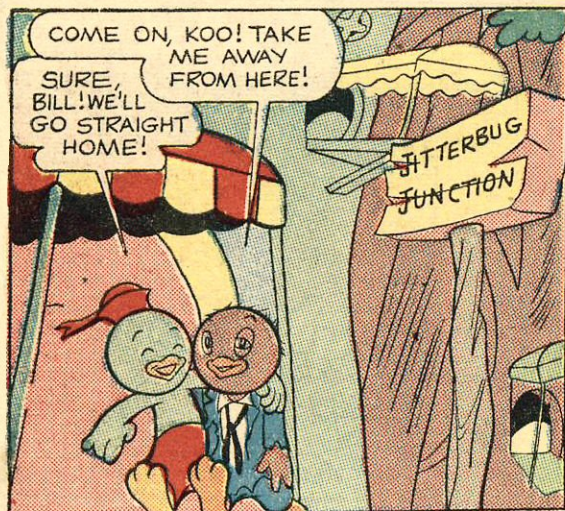
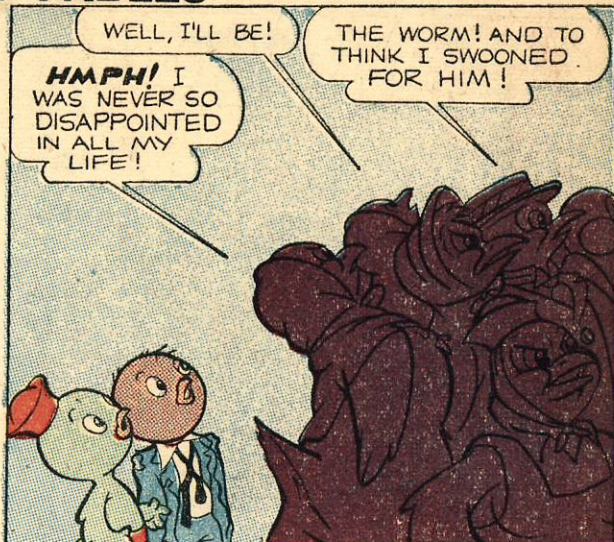
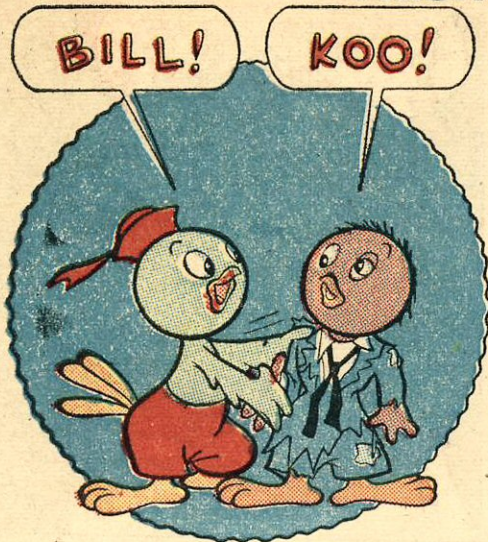
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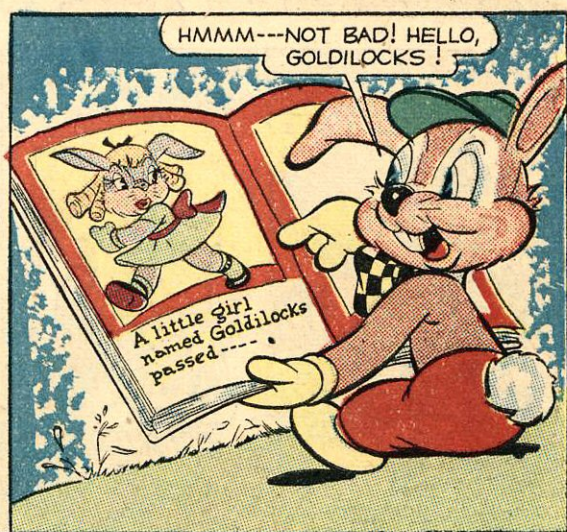
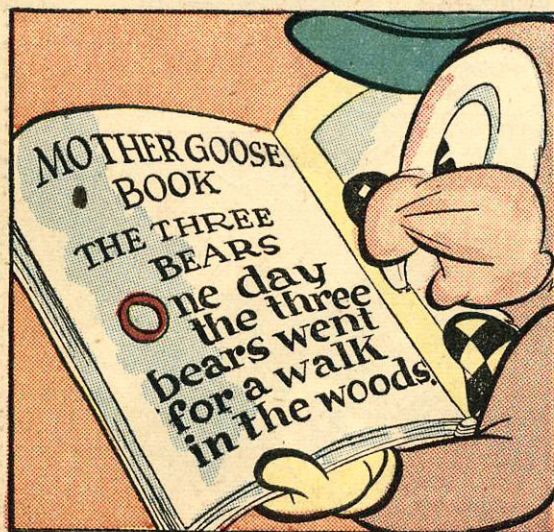


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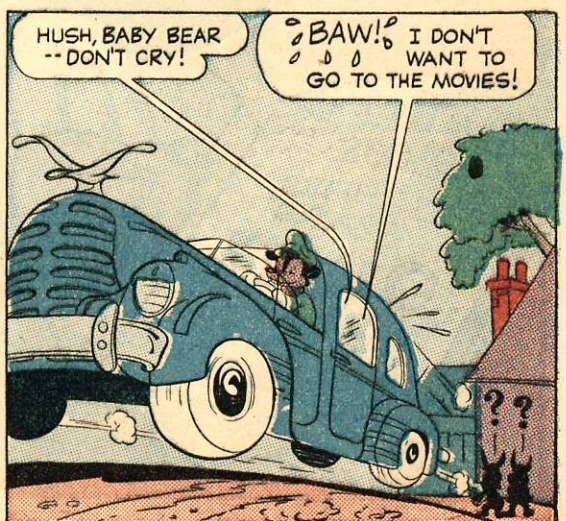
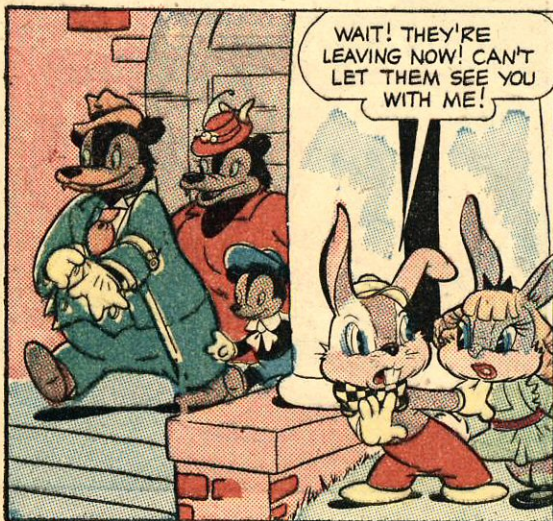
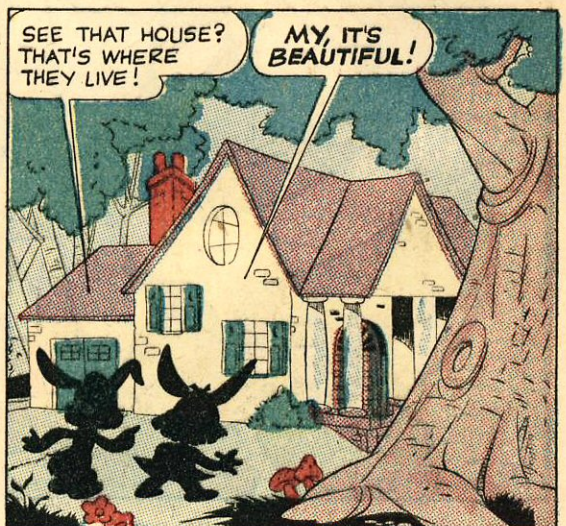
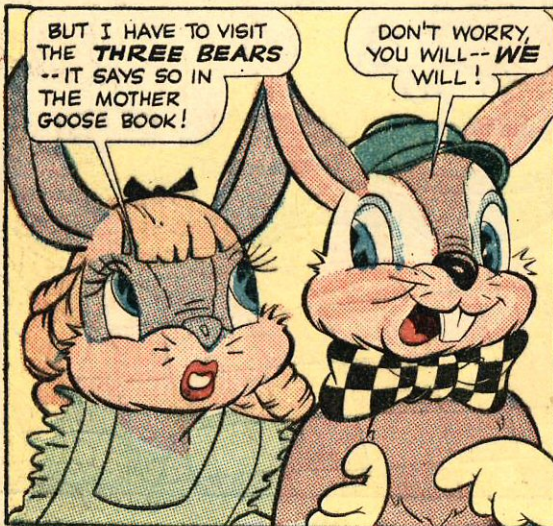
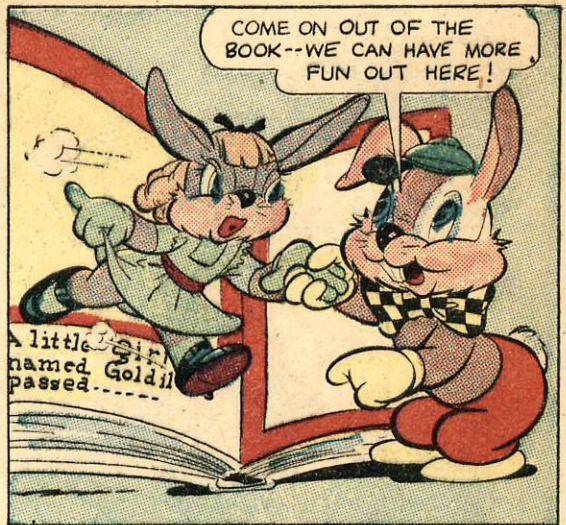
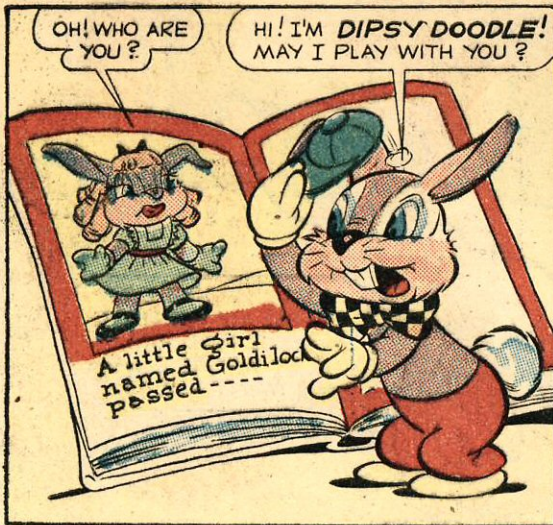


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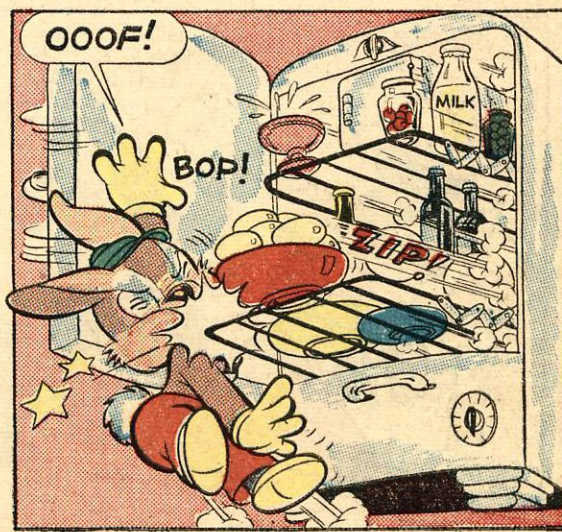
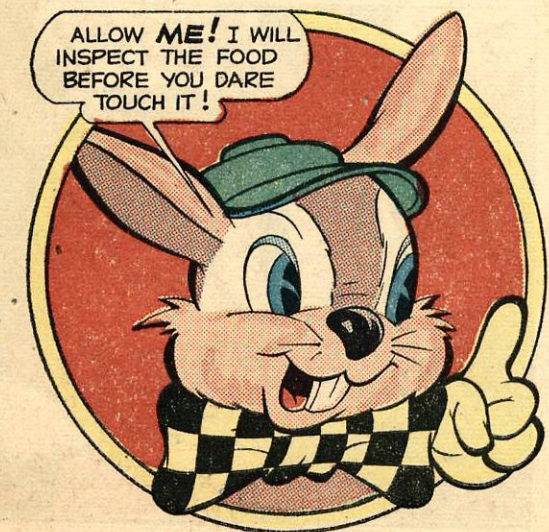
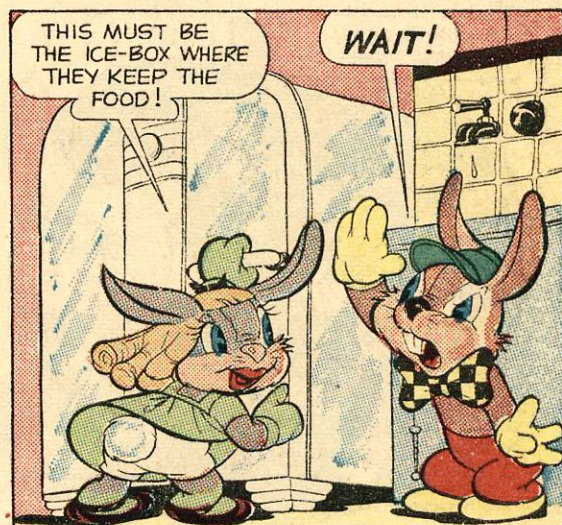
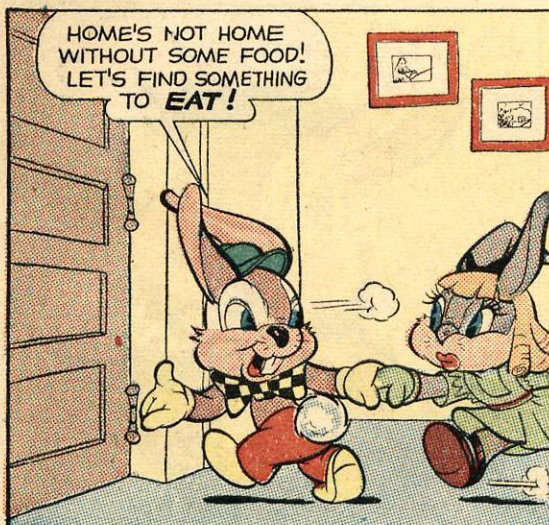
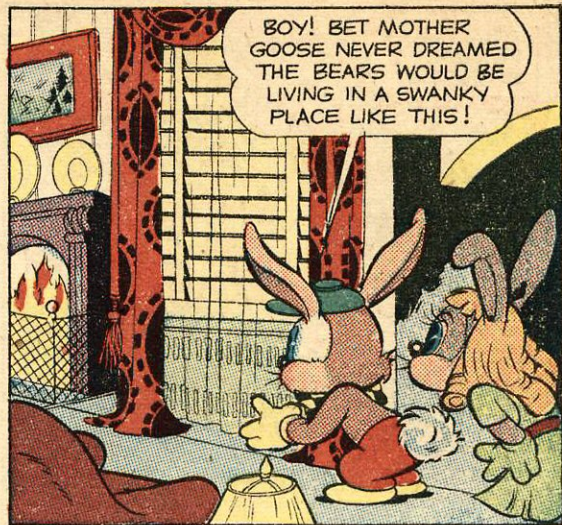
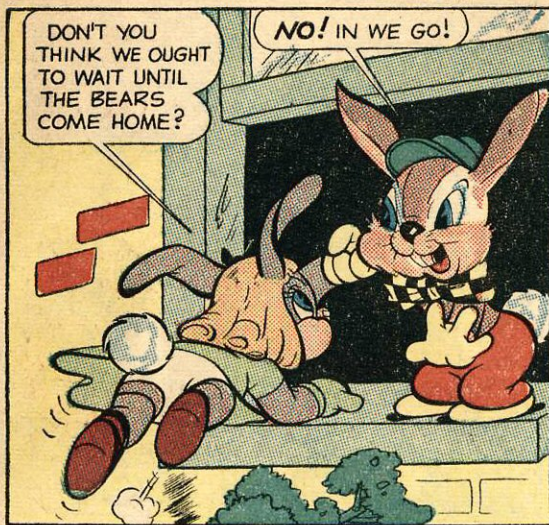
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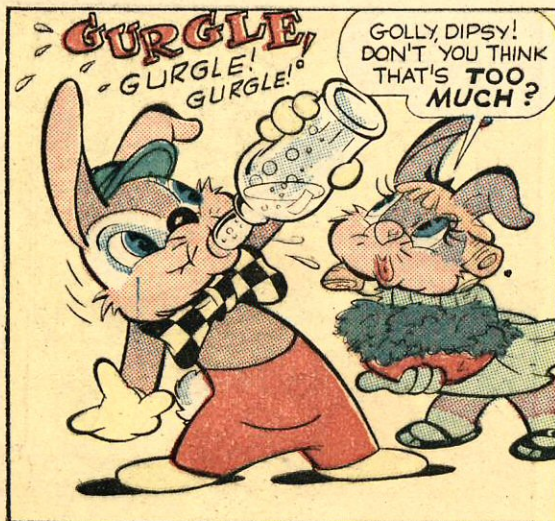
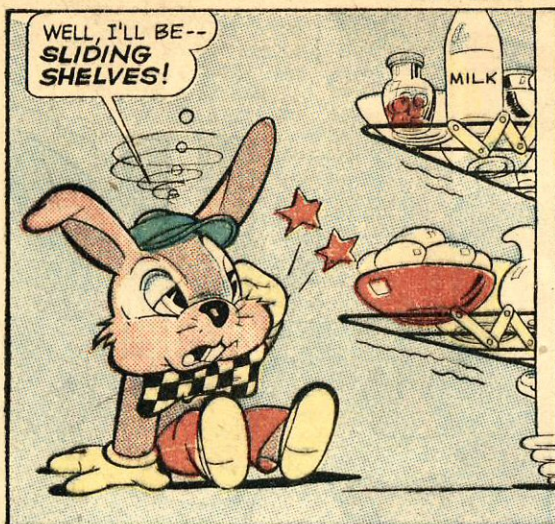
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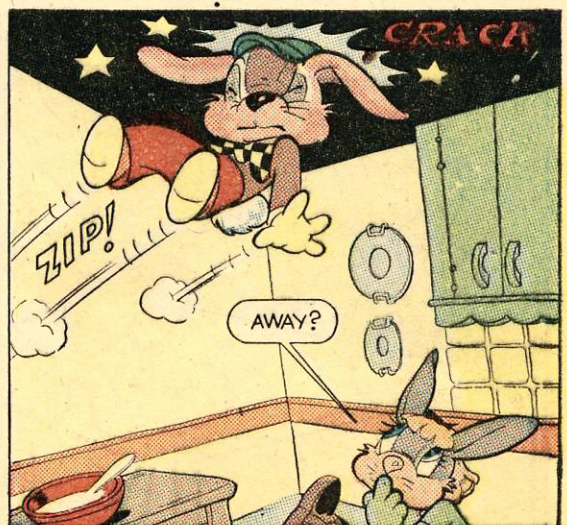
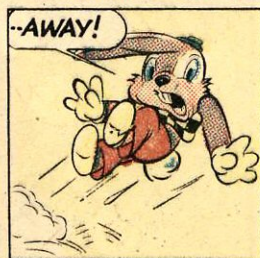
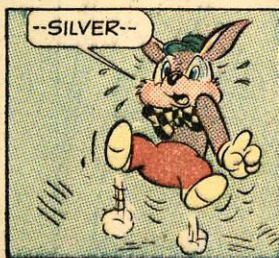
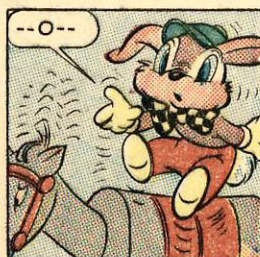
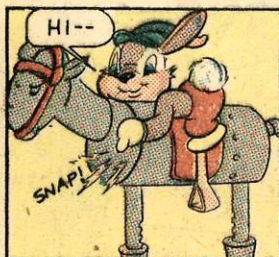
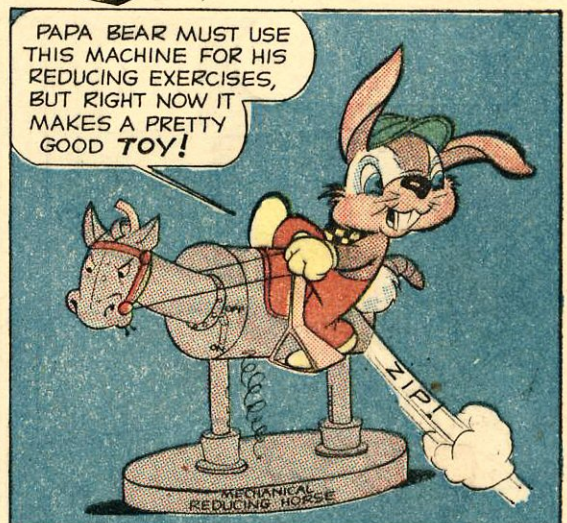
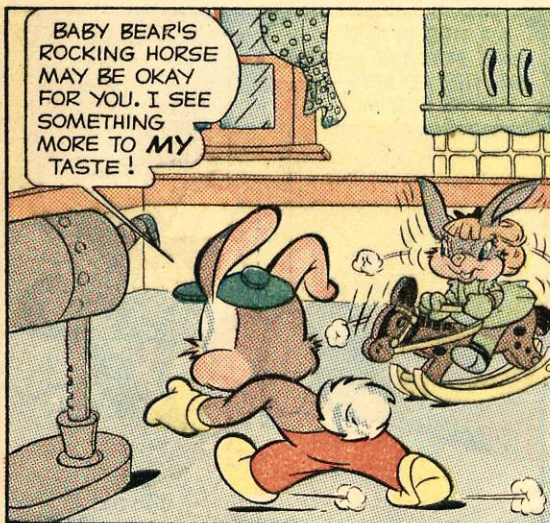
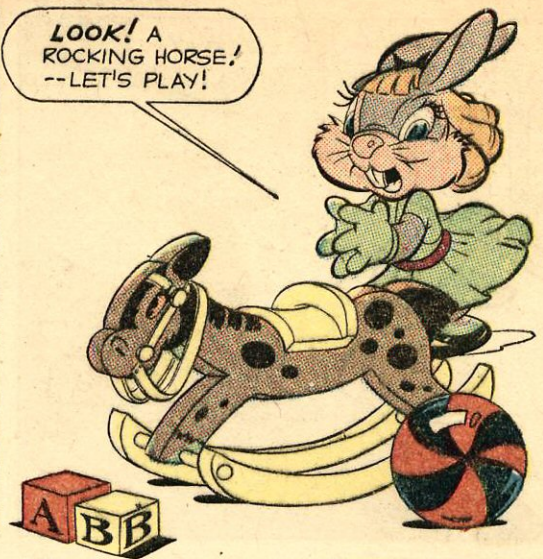
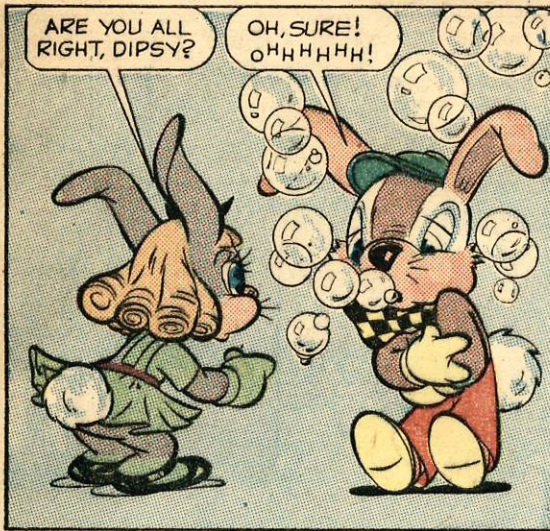
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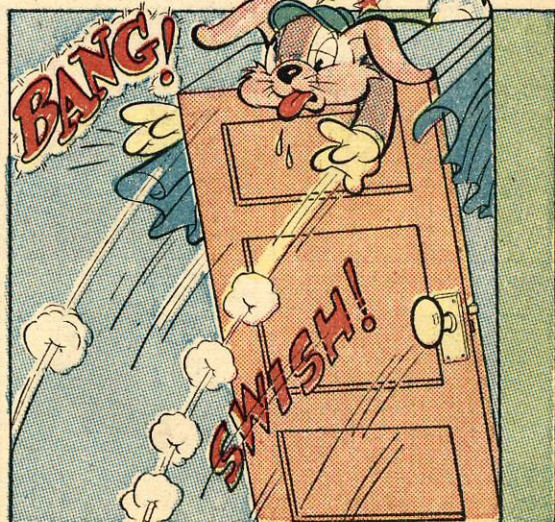
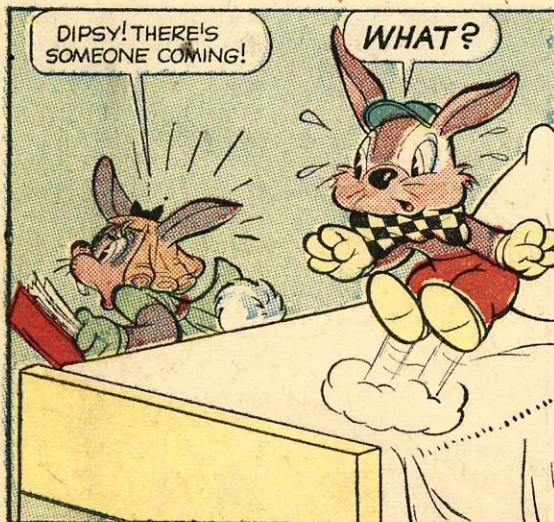
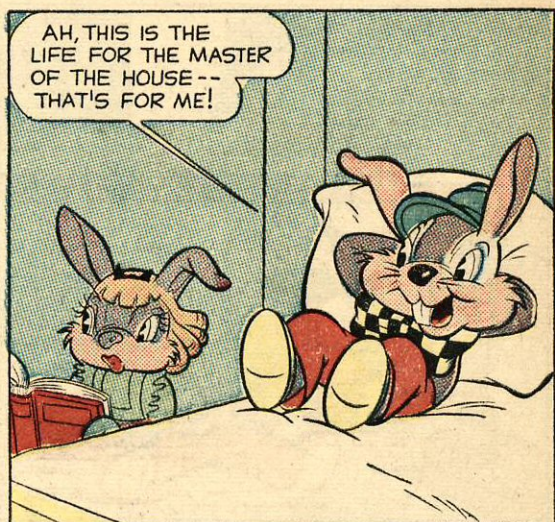
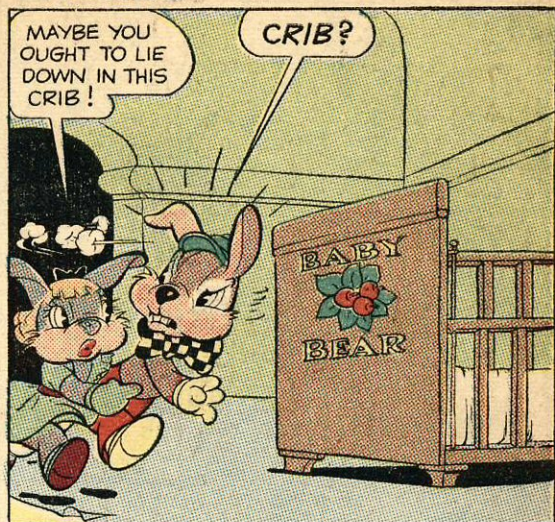
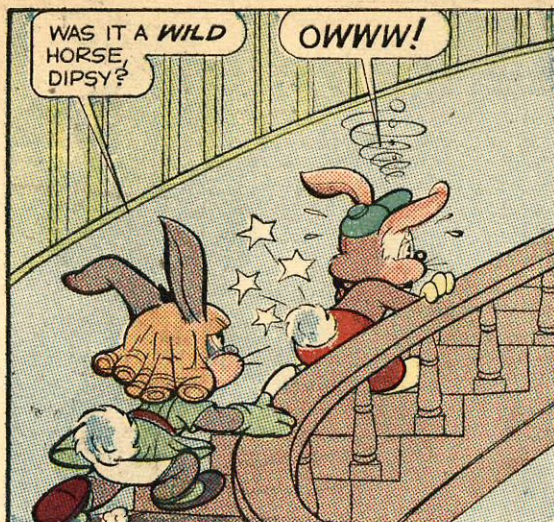
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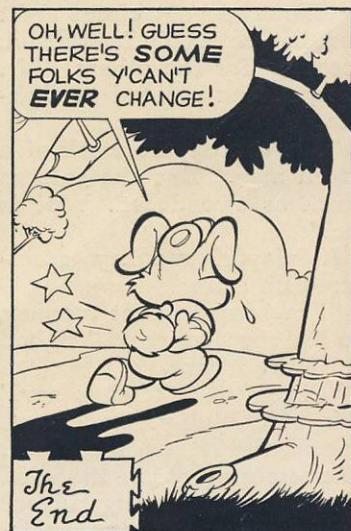
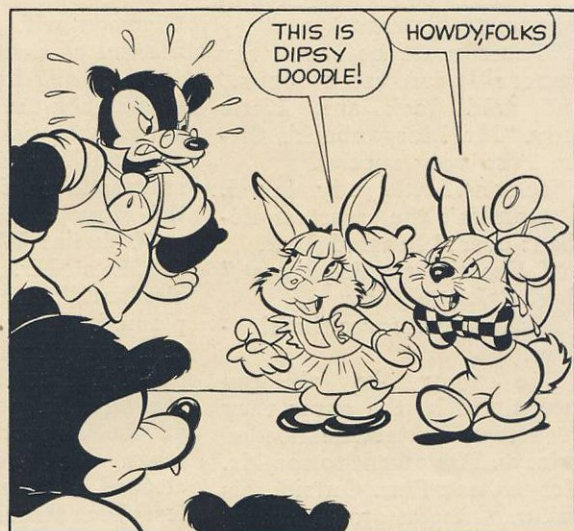
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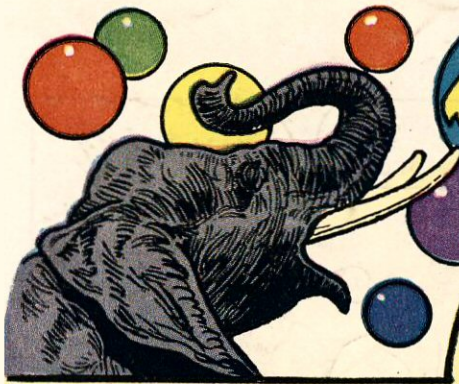


FRISKY FABLES



FRISKY FABLES





CIRCUS

By MARGARETTA HARMON

A REAL circus in Centerville for keeps! That's what the children thought it meant when Morganbeck's Mammoth One-Ring Circus was stranded in Centerville. But grown-ups thought it meant something else.

"Sell everything," they told the Sheriff. "Morganbeck is in debt up to his ears."

"There must be *some* way Centerville can use a circus," Bud told Jack and Little Judy. "Mr. Morganbeck's Circus is so very special."

Jack and Little Judy agreed. "Ophelia's the smartest elephant ever!" boasted Jack.

"I like the monkeys best," giggled Little Judy.

Bud's favorite was the high-diver.

The more the children thought of it, the surer they were that Centerville needed a circus. They went to see Mr. Morganbeck first. Outside his trailer, Ophelia stood, eating huge trunkfuls of hay.

"We need your circus right here in Centerville," said Bud, speaking for the others. Mr. Morganbeck pointed to Ophelia.

"She can do the work of a dozen men. But she eats as much as two dozen. Woe is me!"

A playful monkey scampered up a tree.

"I've brought that monkey up like my own child," sighed Mr. Morganbeck.

"Cheer up, I always say," chirped a high-pitched voice. It was the circus high-diver. "Remember the time the wind blew down my diving ladder? Well, I jumped from a telegraph pole instead."

Mayor Keech wasn't very cheerful either when the children went to see him.

"Circus? Bah! The sooner it's sold and off that big vacant lot, the better. I've trouble enough, trying to get that space cleared for the new airport. If I don't have the stumps pulled by Saturday, Glenside will get the airport instead of Centerville!"

Stumps? Airport? The same idea struck the children at the very same time.

"Ophelia will pull out the stumps in no time!" they told the Mayor.

"Ophelia? Who's Ophelia?"

"She's Mr. Morganbeck's elephant," Little Judy explained. "She can do the work of a dozen men."

All Centerville gathered to see Ophelia pull the stumps at the airport, and cheered when she had the ground cleared in time. But then the ferryboat struck the dock with a heavy blow. This knocked some of the passengers down. One of them fell overboard into the swirling black water.

"Help! Save me! I can't swim!" gulped the drowning man.

Women screamed. Men pushed each other to get to the rail. But nobody dared to jump into the narrow space between the dock and the moving ferryboat to pull the man out.

Suddenly there was a splash. Someone had climbed to the top of the dock. He dived straight down into that narrow space and disappeared. He grabbed the drowning man and swam swiftly to safety with him.

"Why—it's the circus high-diver!" everyone shouted.

Now people didn't talk so much about running Mr. Morganbeck's circus out of town. Ophelia had earned her keep by pulling out the stumps. The high-diver wouldn't take a reward. He only asked that the circus be allowed to stay a while longer.

Then came the day when the new airport was dedicated. Mayor Keech had his speech ready. Too bad it was on the paper in his hand, though, and not in his head.

For suddenly the wind whirled the paper up to the top of a big tree. It was caught in the branches. Naturally the Mayor was terribly upset.

"The airport cannot be dedicated," he shouted. "I'm lost!"

Mr. Morganbeck nodded to the monkey on his shoulder.

Zipp! What was that going up the tree? A little boy? No. A monkey — a trained circus monkey! It grabbed the precious piece of paper and brought it down to its master. It was a very smart monkey.

The Mayor made a fine speech that day. The last paragraph was especially fine. He hadn't written that paragraph on the paper at all. But the crowd applauded it more than all the rest.

"Since Mr. Morganbeck's circus has rendered our town such outstanding service," the Mayor said, "I suggest that we let it remain here in Centerville as long as it likes."

Which proves that, when it comes to circuses, children always know best.